VOL. 36 NO. 7 Previews and Lessons for October JULY 1949

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 36, NO. 7 JULY 1949

Pioneer Mother

Ruth H. Chadwick

She held him close to nestle near her breast,
And tried to hush each fitful baby moan;
Tenderly, her aching arms caressed
The thin, frail body, hot against her own.
Into the blackened strangeness of the night,
Beyond the covered wagons' friendly sphere,
She gazed as lurking shadows grew in might
To feed her soul's anxiety and fear.
Her sleepless eyes then sought the stars above,
And silent words made up her anguished prayer:
"Oh, Father, spare this dear one that I love,
And make me strong to carry my full share."
She held him close, and from her stalwart soul
Flowed living faith that blessed and made him whole.

The Cover: "Pioneer Women at the Gate," Photograph by Willard Luce.

Warren Lee

UTAH STATE CAPITOL

For Those Who Come After

Anna Prince Redd

JULY Twenty-fourth . . . Pioneer Day in Utah . . . From hamlet to city, throngs line the thoroughfares. It is a holiday, a gala day! One hundred and two years have passed since that first small band of men and three women entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. One hundred and two years of almost unbelievable progress! Thousands stand sweltering in the heat, waiting for the commemorating parade, heads bared to the flag and acutely conscious of the freedoms for which it stands. Pretense and folly are lost, for the moment, in reverence. Eyes are alight with pride and the spark of renewed ideals. The throat tightens as the parade, a colorful and symbolic pageant, moves down the street, historically depicting the scenes and achievements of the past. And we of the present generation can but stand and watch—and measure the adequacy of the present.

Handcarts . . . I cannot follow them down the street . . . . I cannot see them for my tears. "Come, Come, Ye Saints" . . . . That song is the embodiment of faith and the prayers that brought our people here. The cords of restraint all but snap, for to me it is my own parents singing . . . . It is their story I relive today . . . .

* * * *

WINTER came early in the year 1857. Almost before the fall days were done there was a heavy frost and the world seemed enveloped in a damp, thick blanket of fog. Every day it grew colder. Trees cracked in their bark and the sound was like ice popping on the Virgin River. The dampness penetrated every cranny of house and body. Cattle died on the range and corral stock could stand only by leaning against inadequate shelters and fences. The people, reduced to smutty flour for their coarse bread, with little milk or fruit, became inert like the half-frozen animals.

But with the first intimation of spring the natural resilience of the pioneers called forth new courage, as surely as the warming of the sun called forth new grass. And, because horses were too poor for travel, a pioneer boy began a thirty-five-mile walk to the town where his sweetheart lived. The dawn was still raw with cold, but the air was freighted with the scent of coming buds and thawing ground. It was a good world. It made a man feel strong and free.

Twelve hours later, in the welcoming, mild dusk, he swung in long strides up the street and to the house of the girl he loved. Together, they welcomed spring.

Because of their distance from the Endowment House, they were married the next day by the girl's reluctant father and, in a borrowed wagon, drawn by a borrowed team, they began the journey to the town that was to be their new home. The boy had exactly a dollar and eighty-five cents. The girl had two dollars and a half, a chest packed to its bulging lid with homespuns, rugs, a

meager assortment of cooking utensils and dishes, and a few small packets of sugar, sage, and thyme. And, stowed carefully into the back of the wagon, was a small four-lid cookstove, her dead mother's most prized possession, now the binding link between the old life and the new for the young bride.

The joint heritage of both the boy and the girl was an unshaken faith in the goodness of life and their part in it.

Two days of creaking, jolting travel and the borrowed team pulled the borrowed wagon into the yard of the borrowed dugout that was to be their first home. The sun had gone down in a blaze of orange light. Strange sounds filled the twilight, sounds that saddened the girl by their unfamiliarity since they were part of the unknown that lay ahead. The boy turned the homemade key in the handmade lock, and they went into the windowless little dugout. And suddenly, because they were together, it became home.

THERE followed days, weeks, and months of hardship and privation—drought, snakes, insects, hunger, fear. Sometimes, even doubt. A son was born, too frail and weak to survive in his rigid surroundings. There was little but faith left, yet it was enough to heal their sorrow and send them in search of a new and better location.

The boy, in the new settlement, was assigned his section of land, did his allotted rods of fencing in the company plot, worked and prayed, fought Indians, guarded the fort; dreamed and waited for the good future he knew would be theirs.

The girl, pressing back fatigue, hunger, fear, and sorrow, kept her faith, too. And she kept her smile and her love for her husband.

"I see a little light," she would tell him, "we'll be prosperous some day, I have no doubt; but never more blessed than we are now. We'll have other children—sons and daughters who will be faithful and happy. All that we do now is for them."

And the boy agreed. For, by then, they had a home, a garden, milk, and honey. And none of it was borrowed. Surely, God had been good to them.

Then came another spring and another little new son. A strong boy, equal to his surroundings, beautiful as their faith.

Then, as if to test them, they were called to help colonize in a high, cold climate that was foreign to them and seemingly barren of promise. But neither faltered. The boy left the girl to care for the little new son while he went ahead to prepare a home in the new place. The summer was hot and long. The girl and her baby were stricken with measles. Denied water to cool the fever and with little care by the frightened neighbors, who knew there was little they could do to stop the ravages of any disease, the baby died and the girl was left alone. But she kept her faith and prayed to live, prayed for strength to bear her loneliness, prayed that the runner would find her husband soon and bring him home. And because of her faith, when the boy came, he found her smiling . . . .

* * * *

"Utah, We love thee. Land of

the mountains high, land of the sunny sky" .... *Yes, Utah, we love thee!*

The pioneer floats were gone, now, lost in the parade .... High school bands came gaily into view —smartly costumed boys and girls, playing with all the glad young strength of their hearts, their steps high with hope .... Floats depicting the state's prosperity .... Mining, manufacturing, building .... Agriculture, giant peaches, golden as the sunset shimmering on Great Salt Lake; celery as crisp and fresh as a mountain breeze; rainbows of flowers; floats of children, singing .... The new generations. And because of them, blessed be the old, the pioneer generation. A good heritage for us who pioneer in a new, and equally testing age. What is our stature?

* * * *

ACROSS the valley, miles from the scene of the parade, is a little house, set well back in a half-acre lot, surrounded by a hopeful lawn and struggling young shrubs; wild columbine against the foundation; a steppingstone path and a waggly tailed little dog to welcome us. Today's young parents live here, and the place is their own.

"I want to see what *I* can do on my own," the boy said. "Do you think you can take it?"

"If I can't, what has my education been worth?" she countered.

She is young and fair-skinned, enthusiastic as a spring day—and as hospitable. He is not home, but as she takes us through the compact little house, we see him through her eyes—young, ambitious, eager to put his heritage to the test. And such dreams they have, and faith, and ideals; these modern edition pioneers, as courageous as were my 1857 boy and girl! By the work of their hands and their minds, they have managed to preserve the culture and dignity, the courage and foresight of their ancestors.

Four years of navy service and college for him, four years of making things do and getting things done, for her. Three rooms built of pumice blocks, plastered by hand just to see if he could, painted by her just to see if she could. Her eyes shine as she shows us where the lintels are placed, for doors to new rooms are already planned and, when the little house begins to get growing pains, out will come a few blocks and there the door will be.

With $2,000 saved from his service days, the house was built. From the attic and basement of their parents' homes, came the furnishings. Carefully refinished or slip-covered, these pieces look modern and inviting. And there is a real little cradle, of pioneer vintage from her own and her mother's baby days.

Doors, windows, marble mantle and hearth, pressed stone for the kitchen work table tops, are anniversary, birthday, and Christmas gifts from their two families and their many friends.

"If I begin to wish there were more such anniversaries," she confided, laughing a little, "I remind myself of all the things the real pioneers didn't have and never even dreamed of having: radiant heat, electric lights, automatic stoves and washing machines, refrigeration, doctors to apply the sciences that have brought children's diseases down to

a minimum, and—well, just too many things to enumerate."

"Then you have not found it hard, this modern way of pioneering?" we asked.

"Well, it's not easy," she responded with spirit, "but it's gratifying. And, oh, the neighbors and friends are wonderful. Somehow, they all contrive to help. A shrub here, a plant there, a can of paint, seeds for our garden, exchange labor that gives us flour and milk for things we have or can do. Well, it's just the pioneer spirit bursting out all over again."

From marble hearth to picture windows; from lovely Wedgewood pieces in the china cupboard to a year's supply of shining tins of stored food, there is assurance that dreams can be made to come true. Into this setting the two golden-haired little girls fit like sunshine, assured of as sensible and happy futures as anyone may have in so variable an age as this . . . .

* * * *

The parade is gone from our sight, and too soon from our minds, but not, we pray, the things for which it stands. The past is good, not for itself alone, but for the principles of truth, culture, and integrity it has engendered. May those who come after never forget, nor fail to evaluate their heritage.

A Tribute to the Pioneer Mother

Lucy Fryer Vance

A backward glance at burning fires in Nauvoo, a stifled sob, a breaking heart, and the pioneer mother of 1847 faced the great unknown. Shall we say she faced it unafraid? No! She was only mortal, too, the same as you and I. Within her breast were pangs of fear for all she might be facing out beyond the dark horizon; the blast of winter's cold; the shimmering waves of heat rising from the arid desert lands; the bands of roving savages which might descend with heathenish yells and leave only smoldering embers to tell the story of what might have been; a dwindling food supply and empty water kegs; pathetic, pleading cries from fevered lips; thoughts of persecution that might follow even to the boundaries of the everlasting hills.

Yes, surely thoughts like these came whirling through her tired mind with that last glance at home and all she held most dear. But this I know—these pangs of fear were not for self, but for those precious bits of life entrusted to her care who understood not this Gethsemane; who knew not why the rumble of the wagon wheels and plodding hoofs of oxen were to be their lullaby.

Did this pioneer mother think to falter? No, not once! She knew that at the head of that winding caravan, a prophet led the way, and through her tears she smiled and pressed the toilworn hand of him she loved the best. They had a part to play in God's great plan and they would play it well. Together, they would face the great unknown, for love and faith had always found a way. Together, they would play each scene with all the art at their command and, come what may, when the final curtain softly closed, she knew that they would be triumphant, for God was at the helm!

Nellie Ward Neal Appointed to the Relief Society General Board

Roxey Robson Heslop

President, Primary Association, Farr West Stake

A descendant of stalwart pioneers and one who has striven all her life to uphold their traditions and standards, Nellie Ward Neal comes well qualified for her appointment, on May 4, 1949, to the general board of Relief Society.

Her new assignment is a fitting climax to her activity in the auxiliary organizations of the Church. She has served efficiently as secretary, class leader, and counselor in the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, as a Sunday School teacher, a Religion Class stake board member, and a counselor in Primary, but her greatest achievement and joy have come in Relief Society service. As a theology class leader, her lessons were well prepared and interestingly presented. The families in her district always welcomed her as a visiting teacher. In February 1939, she was called to be president of Plain City Ward Relief Society, being released in September of that year to become president of North Weber Stake Relief Society. January 18, 1942, at the division of the stake, she was chosen to preside in the new Farr West Stake and has continued in that calling until the present time. In this position, she has been a member of the executive council for the Latter-day Saint girls' program, which included for some time the preparation of the mothers and daughters meetings held in connection with stake quarterly conferences. She was Relief Society representative on the first Ogden Deseret Industries Committee, and vice chairman and later chairman of the Relief Society presidents department of the Northern Utah Region in welfare work. She performed faithfully and competently all the duties devolving upon her.

NELLIE WARD NEAL

A patriarchal blessing, given by her grandfather, James Ward, which promised that the spirit that led her

forefathers from the land of their nativity would be her constant companion in her labors, has had a powerful influence in her life.

She was born in North Ogden, Weber County, Utah, a daughter of Lorenzo and Mary E. Barker Ward. She and Roosevelt Neal were married June 6, 1928, in the Salt Lake Temple, and established their home in Plain City. He and their nineteen-year-old twin children, Donald and Dorothy, have given wholehearted assistance to Sister Neal in all her Church work.

She has always been interested in educational pursuits. She graduated from Weber Academy and Weber Normal College and has taken extension courses from Utah State Agricultural College, the University of Utah, and Brigham Young University. She taught school in Ogden and Weber County.

Her bits of verse have been sent to many friends for Christmas, birthdays, in times of discouragement and sorrow, or as a kindly thought of remembrance for some service rendered. They have also added beauty and inspiration to many programs.

Thoughtfulness, friendliness, a keen sense of humor, sincerity, humility, devotion to duty, love of God and all his creations, and a fervent testimony of the gospel are virtues which qualify her for the position of responsibility to which she has been called.

Hosts of friends are saying, "Congratulations, Nellie. We love you. Thanks for your help along the way. You have inspired us with your faith and diligence. May our Heavenly Father grant you his choicest blessings in your new appointment."

Little Sure Feet

Iris W. Schow

Through the long days, over hillock and flat,
Little feet measured the length of the Platte;

"Stepped off" the rising slopes, through the coarse grass;
Bruised by the jutting rocks, gained the South Pass;

Over the steepest ways, pressed right along;
Youth put wings to their tread; trust kept them strong.

Now, tough steel tools, guided by a trained hand,
Measure the breadth of our civilized land;

But the survey which was real and complete
Was made, step by step, with little sure feet.

Embryo

C. Cameron Johns

Thoughts are worlds
About to start,
But words stay chiseled
On the heart.

Mood of Music

Ruth Harwood

Were I to sing to you today
The music of my mood,
The essence of my song would be
A psalm of gratitude.

The Land of the High Uintahs

Olive W. Burt

THE Uintah Basin in Utah, with its surrounding country, is a magnificent, unspoiled area, parts of which remain almost as they were when the Mormon pioneers came into the Great Basin. Or you can go back further, carried by the remnants of old forts, inscriptions scrawled upon sheer canyon walls, names of mountains and rivers, to the wild, free days of the Mountain Men, or on back to the days of ancient Indian tribes whose mark is faint but unmistakable—or even go back to the day of the dinosaur.

Truly, the flavor of age is nowhere else so pervasive and compelling as it is in the northeastern part of the State.

The Uintah Basin is bounded on the north by the Uintah Mountains, one of the few important east-west mountain ranges in the country. It is a beautiful range, with the highest peaks in the State rising majestically into the unsullied sky. They look peaceful, as if nothing could disturb them, but they have known disaster. They have felt the great heaving upthrust that tilted them high above their old resting place; they have felt the clawing fingers of glaciers, scraping ugly gashes across their face and breast. But they have waited quietly, until the scars were healed with pine and spruce, with flower-enameled grass, and shrubs sweet with wild fruit.

Above the 125-mile-long chain of lesser slopes, rises King's Peak, highest point in the State; with Wilson, Hayden, Marsh, and Leidy peaks and Mount Lovenia, all rising more than 12,000 feet. Below their snowy summits are hundreds of jewel-like, glacial lakes, fed by sparkling mountain streams, and teeming with trout and mackerel: Mirror, Grandaddy, Moon, Island, Pyramid, Green, to name only a few of the best known.

While an automobile road has been built into this alpine region as far as Mirror Lake, the area is really unspoiled and will remain so, as it has been set aside by the Federal Government as a permanent "primitive area." In the most frequented spots, such as Mirror Lake, the gateway to the Grandaddy region, Moon Lake, and Defas Park, accommodations for the less hardy are available—cabins, stores, lodging, guides, horses, and boats. But to get the real "feel" of the place, one has to pack in, sleep under the stars, eat campfire meals, in short, take the region for what it is—a throwback to days when what is recreation today was hard living.

AS is to be expected, the rivers, born of the melting snows in these peaks, are not insignificant streams: the Bear, Provo, and Weber, and the Duchesne that feeds the mighty Green, itself a tributary of the Colorado. These rivers, making their inevitable way to the sea, have carved channels as varied as the waters themselves, from the bustling, trout-filled Provo and Weber to the terrific Green, with its Red Canyon gorge and Hideout Canyon more

Olive W. Burt

MIRROR LAKE IN THE HIGH UINTAHS

than 1500 feet deep, channeled through the rock, and Ladore Canyon, in ages past the lush feeding ground of giant reptiles.

The heavily timbered slopes teem with game, and the marshes are alive with beaver, muskrat, and mink. It was the abundance of game that made the region a bountiful hunting ground for the Utes who claimed the area, and for the Shoshones who strayed that way, as well as for Priddy Meeks and his son-in-law during the famine times in the tiny, new

Mormon settlements further west. But it was the endless reserve of rich, furbearing animals that brought the first white men to live in the region.

A few miles west of the Colorado-Utah border, on highway 40, is a marker honoring the "first white men in Utah," Fathers Escalante and Dominguez. Father Escalante has left a rather detailed record of his visit to this area, but it was an exploratory trip, resulting only in calling attention to the region.

The first white people actually to live in the area were the trappers and traders—that romantic, free-footed band of Mountain Men and those who followed in their wake to outfit and supply them. These men, who made a business of romance, left their imprint on this rich region, and the first year-long dwelling for white men within the territory that is now Utah was built by a trader.

EARLY in the 1800's, any gentleman with sartorial aspirations had to have a beaver hat or two. The Hudson's Bay Company, exercising a protected monopoly of the fur trade in the North, was waxing greedy with wealth, when the Americans along the Mississippi, particularly in commercial St. Louis, began to cast envious eyes upon the fur business.

General William H. Ashley and his associates turned their backs on the Missouri River to follow the Platte westward, crossed the Rockies, and came into the virgin land to the West. Many of these men are remembered in Utah place names, but here can be mentioned only those that came into the Uintah region. Ashley "invented" a new system of collecting the peltries from his trappers and distributing supplies—a system called the rendezvous.

At a designated time each summer, all company and independent trappers and Indians with peltries to trade, would meet at a planned spot. To that place would come the heavily laden pack train of the company. There would be a week of high living, during which the peltries would be sold, and new supplies purchased. At the end of the week, the trappers would return to their streams and lakes, with nothing but their kit for the coming season, and the pack train would return to St. Louis, even more heavily laden (but with peltries) and with all the money it carried out to pay for the furs, returning with them as payment for goods.

The first of all rendezvous was held on Henry's Fork of the Green River, on one side or the other of the Utah-Wyoming boundary line, in the year 1825. In following years the rendezvous was set in other lush fur regions, but the trappers from the high Uintahs always made their way to the meeting place, loaded with rich peltries.

In 1831 Antoine Robidoux came into the Basin to establish Fort Uintah on the Duchesne river. With him, it is supposed, was one Denis Julien, who carved his name and the date in five different places on the walls of the canyons, to establish himself as the champion inscription writer of this period. This post was destroyed by Indians in 1844.

In 1837, Robidoux evidently built

Courtesy, Utah State Historical Society

RENDEZVOUS OF FUR TRADERS AND TRAPPERS

another post, near the place where the White and the Duchesne Rivers enter the Green from opposite sides. Charles Kelly, Utah historian, has found remnants of such a fort and inscriptions of 1837 of both Robidoux's and Julien's names.

After the destruction of Fort Uintah, the area was left pretty much to the Utes and the trappers who were too "sot" in their way of life to change, though Captain John C. Fremont and his men made a couple of trips through the area, with varying reports as to what they found here. Once or twice companies of "Forty-Niners" or other transcontinental journeyers would venture down from the Oregon Trail and cross the Uintah Basin, but these excursions were generally not very happy ones and did little for the country.

In 1851, soon after Utah was made a territory, with a good deal larger area than it covers today, the Uintah Basin was incorporated in Green River County (now in Wyoming). It remained so until 1862, when county boundaries were changed, and changed again and again, all into the present boundaries of Wasatch, Duchesne, and Uintah, with Daggett not established until 1917.

Brigham Young, as Governor of the new Territory, was also Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and he created the Uintah Agency. It had a rather sketchy existence, and on August 25, 1861, Daniel H. Wells announced a list of names of men who had been called to go into the Uintah Basin and establish a settlement there. Brigham Young, explaining his action, said, "Now I want a settlement there and I wish to pick the company. The Gentiles will take possession of that valley if we do not, and I do not wish them to have it."

THE advance group set out early in September, but soon returned, reporting that the land was good for nothing "but as a hunting ground for Indians and to hold the world together." The plan for a Mormon settlement there was held in abeyance for a time, but just then President Lincoln set apart all the fertile valley of the Basin as an Indian reservation, closed to white occupancy. President Young was quite upset to find his prediction of a few weeks earlier, fulfilled in this manner.

The Indians in the Basin were generally friendly to the whites, particularly to the Mormons, but further east, in Colorado, there were a number of uprisings and massacres, and so, in 1887, three companies of soldiers were ordered to leave Fort Fred Steele in Wyoming and proceed down to the Uintah Basin, there to establish a fort for the purpose of keeping the Indians in hand. The soldiers came into the Basin from the north, and after a good deal of hardship due to their isolation from supplies, they finally built Fort Duchesne. Most of the buildings of the original fort have disappeared, but the community is still there, and is at present the headquarters of the Indian Agency.

Meantime, a few Mormon families were seeking homesteads on the less choice ground available to them. In 1876, the Robert H. Snyder family moved into Ashley Valley and for ten months Mrs. Snyder was the only white woman in the valley. In 1877, John Fairchild took his fam-

From a painting by Ramsey

PAINTER'S CONCEPTION OF PREHISTORIC ANIMALS
OF THE UINTAH BASIN

ily in. Children began to be born there, and to die—and the Ashley Valley was a part—though an isolated one—of the general development of the Territory.

In the winter of 1877-78 the first school was opened, and in 1879 new settlers poured in. The following winter was one of those cruel tests that seem to have followed the Latter-day Saint settlers into every new community, as if trying out their mettle before giving them peace to go ahead. This winter the only contact the little settlement had with the outside world was through mail carried on snowshoes by Peter Dillman.

Peter Dillman is a name that appears everywhere in the history of the Basin—postmaster, school teacher, interpreter, guide, friend, neighbor. Keeping Dillman company in his activities were the Hatches, George Albert Glines, the Snyders, and others whose names still ring through the Basin.

In 1878, Alma James Johnston built a cabin for his wife—not in the valley as everyone else had done, but up on the "bench" northwest of the settlement of Ashley. This was the first house on the present site of Vernal. In the seventy years since then, this community, the county seat of Uintah County, has grown slowly but steadily, with farming and livestock—and lately the oil fields to the south—to aid its prosperity.

Westward in the Basin other settlements—Roosevelt, Duchesne, and Myton, grew up along the highway that crossed the Basin from east to west. There is no railroad into the area, even yet.

TODAY, the Uintah Basin claims the proud title of "Bread Basket of the State." It also boasts the only important veins of gilsonite in the United States.

No longer inarticulate and isolated, it makes its bid for a place in the sun through co-operation and willing effort. The white citizens and their Indian brothers have joined hands in a sort of mutual admiration society, which has its climax each year in the Uintah Basin Industrial Convention. At this three-day gathering, both races display their crops and stock, their handiwork and crafts, their skill on foot and on horseback, their traditions and culture.

All this has been written, and yet not a word has been said about the national monument up in the very northeast corner of the Basin—an area so unique that it draws the scholarly and the curious from all parts of the country. This is the Dinosaur Monument — the graveyard of the giant reptiles, where are found hundreds of skeletons of the prehistoric monsters that once roamed this high land.

It is only a seven-mile trip from Jensen, on U. S. highway 40, to this awe-inspiring quarry, where, in indisputable stone, the past becomes believable and real.

A trip into this magnificent area of lofty peaks and golden desert; of quiet farms and mountains split into chasms; of thrifty white men and ambitious Indians—a land of contradictions and contrasts—will reward you with the "feel" of the past and the pulse of the present.

The Jumpher Family

Deone R. Sutherland

I. Mama and Papa

IT all started to happen when my sister Randy, whom my brother Richard calls "Rancid," heard about Papa's new job first, and the intended move. We were out in the back yard throwing the trash that wouldn't go into our cans over into the cans in Anderson's back yard, since they weren't home. It's because we have so many children that we are always overflowing, Mama says.

"Gee, Rancid," said Richard, handling a big clinker like a handy club, should he need one, "gee, Rancid," repeated Richard, waving his clinker, "what did Mama say?"

"She said, 'Under no condition, under no condition, could we *all* move!'" Randy lifted her hand. "Mama said, 'It's in the middle of winter, too. And the children, Hugh. What about the children?'"

"Just tell it your way, not like Mama," instructed Martha Jane.

"Doesn't she put on?" asked Richard. "Rancid Barnharp!"

"Bernhardt," I corrected.

"Anyway, she smells," said Richard.

Randy went into the house. We went on dumping stuff and thinking about what was going to happen to all of us.

"I don't want to move," said Martha Jane, and her glasses slid off the end of her nose. I picked them up, wiped off the snow, and straightened them. Richard handed me a piece of string, and we tied them around her ears. We didn't say anything. When it got too cold to stand still any longer, we walked around the house, making a trail in the snow, stood under the cherry tree in the back yard, kicked at the stunted pine, and then picked up Martin and went in.

Mama called Grandma on the phone and told her, but we weren't supposed to know yet. Then Grandma came to see Mama.

"You can't possibly give up your lovely home," declared Grandma. "What are you thinking of to make a move with all these children? Besides, what would I do without my only baby in the same city?" Grandma blew her nose on one of the long white lace handkerchiefs she always carries. "You were never very strong, Kate. Now, you take a stand. Hugh's always had his way. Be firm. Stay here without him, if necessary. Oh, he's important enough to make other arrangements if he wants to. Oh, my poor, beautiful child," and she blew her nose again.

Randy told us all about what Grandma said and, when Grandma went, she patted Mama on the shoulder, chucked Martin under the chin, but she never ever took him to hold, and drove away in her own car.

"Mama's Mama is very different from Mama, most of the time," said Richard.

We didn't hear any more about

Papa's transfer until the next night. "You had better mention it to them, Kate," said Papa, following Mama into the kitchen.

"I can't; you'll have to be the one to tell them," said Mama. "You're the one that's breaking up our home. You're the one that's going away."

"It's not as bad as that," said Papa. "I want you all to come with me. I need the experience in my work. We'll be back in—oh, no more than a year or two."

"All of us move? Leave our home after I've worked so hard on it. Leave my mother—my parents? I've lived in this town all my life," wailed Mama.

"But you're married to me," said Papa. "We make the home together—" Mama and Papa looked at each other. They had come back into the dining room. They both looked tired and sad. Mama had red spots high on her thin-boned cheeks, and her eyes looked stubborn.

"Well," Papa sighed, "you'd better tell them then."

We tried to pretend it was something we hadn't heard about before.

"Does Papa want to sell the house?" asked Randy.

"Ask him," said Mama.

"No, we could rent it for a year or so, and then without a doubt we'd be back. Just as soon as I've had the practical experience."

"We're not going," Mama decided. "The children and I are staying here. Can you imagine a family our size moving? Mother was stunned when I suggested it. You can go alone, since you insist. We'll wait for you here."

Papa looked so lonely we children would have said we would go, but then that wouldn't have been loyal to Mama, who looked very lonely also. We didn't say anything. We tried not to think that Papa wouldn't even be here for his birthday. We always had a birthday party for each of us, and Papa's was the most fun.

Mama packed Papa's things. Randy said she wouldn't let her help even. She packed them in the daytime while Papa was at work. "She should cry over them," confided Randy. "She should touch them to her lips, and try to hold back the sobs and then not be able to. They do that in all the books."

"What does Mama do?" I asked.

"She just packs with her lips set the way she looks when she washes the outside of the windows and we wash the inside, and our side isn't clean enough. I expect she and Papa are too old to be romantic."

PAPA left in the afternoon. We all went down to the station to see him off.

"I should have said goodbye to the children at home," said Papa holding Martin away from him.

We stood looking at him and Mama. "Well, Kate," he said. The train made a noise and the porters hurried the people.

"Well, Kate," repeated Papa.

"Don't go," begged Martha Jane.

"Wipe your nose," Papa said to Martha Jane absent-mindedly. He looked worried and lonely. "Goodbye, Kate."

"You're stubborn," said Mama, biting her lip.

"Oh, Kate," said Papa, and the

train started up and Papa jumped on the step.

"We'll mail you your birthday presents," called Martha Jane, who is very practical.

That only made Papa look more lonely, hanging on the step, and then the train was gone, and Mama was crying into Martin's bib we'd forgotten to take off him, while Martin picked up the hairpins very carefully out of Mama's hair.

When we got home the house seemed very empty. Martha Jane dropped her glasses out of one of our second story windows, and Randy came down with the hives. We still had two weeks before Papa's birthday, but now we didn't want to buy anything, we didn't want to have to mail our presents to him.

"Of course we'll mail him his presents and have a special dinner," said Mother. "We'll celebrate your father's birthday even if he is away on business." Richard went with Mama to help her pick out our presents, and Randy and I and Martha Jane stayed home and waited.

Randy got out Papa's letters and read them. They sounded cheerful in a way. "That's just to cover up," said Randy. She lay on Mama's bed eating the chocolate chips that Mama was going to make chocolate chip cookies with.

"Are they good for your hives?" I asked. "I miss him, too."

"If he were here," said Randy, "I would even let him see me in the music festival at school, if I got over my hives in time. I'm a dancer, you know."

"Yes," I agreed. ("She isn't really," Richard had told me. "She just waves her arms and sort of wiggles, like this. She looks a mess.")

"Weren't you going to let Papa go?"

"Oh, no," said Randy. "It's terrible to let your parents go just to be proud of you. Lesley and I think it's common. But I would even let him go if he were here." Randy lay on her stomach. "I don't even want to read any more."

I wiped Mama's cold cream off Martin's face and picked up her powder box. It had been a long time since we had heard Martha Jane. I went to find her.

WE wrapped Papa's presents on Friday night. Martin tried to eat the blue and silver wrapping string, but Mama stopped him. Then he crumpled the tissue paper in his hands and looked very surprised. We gave him a ruined piece to play with.

"If Papa were here," said Richard, "we could have a good party."

"Who'll get to choose the menu for his birthday dinner now he isn't here?" asked Randy.

"I will," said Mama. She pasted the package for Papa and picked up Martin, who was fussing. He dropped the silver string across her dark hair. "There," she said. "Now won't Daddy like a package this size!"

"I guess so," said Richard.

"How far away is Papa?" asked Martha Jane.

"Not very far, dear."

"He says he has a nice apartment," Randy reminded us, "that is, if we wanted to come on for awhile."

"You couldn't go anyway, with your hives," said Richard.

"They're not catching," said Randy. "It would be awful not to be really where he is for his birthday, wouldn't it?"

"Are we going to Papa?" asked Martha Jane.

"Are we?" asked Richard.

"Are we?" I asked.

"We are," said Mama. "Oh, yes, we are," and she began to cry a little and Martin dropped another piece of silver string across her hair.

"We'll go by train," said Mama. "We'll get there by his birthday."

"W'ell surprise him," said Richard.

"Well, not exactly," said Mama. "We'll wire. We want some place to stay."

"What about this house?" I asked.

"I'll have your grandfather help me rent it. Oh, my!" Mama smiled at us. "You'll be good on the train, won't you? All of you will help?"

"Oh, yes," we said.

Grandma and Grandpa came down to the train to see us off.

"Well, Kate, you've done some foolish things, but I guess this is the most foolish," said Grandma.

"Never mind," said Grandpa.

"All those children," said Grandma. "I told you not to marry Hugh. I told you to have a small family. I told you not to let Hugh tear you away. Remember, I warned you against chasing after him. No pride—"

"Never mind," said Grandpa, lifting Martha Jane up the step.

"I warned you, Kate," said Grandma. Mama jumped up the step and took Martin from Grandpa. She kissed Grandma.

"I'm sorry to be leaving you," she said. "I'm sorry to be going away for awhile," but her face looked all smiley. And we waved. Only a day and a night and a morning and we would be with Papa. The train began to move.

We went in and sat in our seats. Randy had Mama's old Japanese fan which she held open across her face with just her eyes peering out. She was sensitive about having the hives. Martha Jane carried her dolls. Richard and I put Martin between us. We were really going somewhere. We were travelers. We felt very cosmopolitan. Randy said something behind her fan. We leaned forward, but her voice came muffled and she was being dignified. It didn't matter. We'd soon be with Papa and our family would all be together again. And for Papa's birthday!

THE people on the train seemed very nice. One lady leaned forward and tickled Martin. "Ooooo is sooo cute," she said. After awhile she lifted him up over the back of the seat. "Oooo sit with me," she said. Martin reached up and pulled her hat down across her face.

"Get the baby," said Mama to Richard. But just then Martin lost all the popcorn Richard and I had fed him in the station to keep him good. He lost it on the lady.

"Oh!" said the lady.

"Oh, dear," said Mama, and she went and got Martin. The lady went down the aisle to the rest room. When she came back, she kept looking very carefully out of the window.

We went in to lunch. Randy sat across from me. Everybody watched her eat while holding the fan. It got to be quite fascinating. Not once did she lower it.

"What shall we have for dessert?" asked Mama.

"Ischree—" said Randy.

"What?"

"She said ice cream," said Richard, staring at Randy. He had grown quite respectful toward Randy and her fan. She did look different with it.

"Oh, look," cried Martha Jane. "It's snowing!" Everybody in the car looked out of the windows. It had begun to snow. We could no longer see the fields we were passing, and the little towns blurred in the snowstorm as we went through them.

"It won't be long," said Mama. "Now, we'll go back, and I'll tell you lots of stories. And then it will be night, and tomorrow we'll see your father."

"But first we get to sleep in a box," said Martha Jane, sliding down off her chair. We went back to our car. Martha Jane hopped on one foot all the way. Richard bet me that she'd never make it. Randy held her fan and walked behind us. I knew she was pretending she didn't know us. She did that lots of times when we were downtown.

"Walk up with us," Papa or Mama would say, but Randy would lag and look away and pretend she didn't belong to all of us. "It's her age," Mama would whisper to Papa. Randy would frown and try to pull her features so that she didn't resemble us. That would make people stare at her also. Like now with the fan on the train.

We went back to our seats. "Now maybe Martin will quit chewing the upholstery," Richard said. "Now that he has eaten."

Mama held him on her lap, and he poked at her eyes and then tried to chew her buttons. She held him and let him see the snow through the window.

"Snow," said Mama.

"Snooooo!" said Martin.

"He can talk," said Mama. "Did you hear, he can talk?"

"Snooooo!" repeated Martin; then he laughed.

"We'll tell Papa," said Randy.

"Won't Papa be pleased?" said Richard.

"Snooooo!" said Martin. And he kept saying it all afternoon and that evening. And when he woke up the next morning he said it.

"I like sleeping in a box," said Martha Jane. "I want to always—"

"It's too exciting now to read," said Randy. "We'll soon be there."

"Say snow, Martin," said Mama.

"Snooooo!" said Martin.

WE got ready to get off the train. This was a big city we were coming to. The buildings stretched tall and white and dark. Martha Jane stood up and put her hand on Mama's knee. I would have, too, but I was almost too old.

Then we had to get ready awfully fast, for there we were and there was Papa coming, running down the platform under the long, low roofs to meet us. He grabbed Mama and then us, and we stood on the platform and it was very cold, but that didn't matter.

(Continued on page 462)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

FAULT FINDING: There is nothing that destroys the happiness of a home, so quickly and completely as fault finding. It is an enemy of peace and contentment. Persons who indulge in this habit of finding fault at home with those they love the best, forget that home is the place to make happiness, and to make this earth an Eden. One fault finding person in a family can make a home so miserable, that its members are glad to go abroad to the neighbors to seek that comfort which is denied them by their own fireside.—M.E.T.

CLARA BARTON is as active as ever. Her humane work was carried on in Paris after the fall of the Commune.When the Mississippi overflowed its banks in 1884 she appeared, laden with relief. Her work in America, additional to what has been mentioned, has relieved the sufferers of the Ohio floods, Michigan fires, Charleston earthquake, Texas drouth, Mount Vernon tornado, and now the awful calamity at Johnstown. She is president of the American Red Cross Society. The motto of the American branch is: "Relief in war, famine, pestilence, and other national calamities."

NOTICE: Dr. Hughes' Training School for Nurses will open its Second Term October 15, 1889, at her residence on First West Street. The proposed summer term will be postponed on account of the heat. Students desiring to enter should apply as early as possible as the usual number of the class is now nearly complete.

MEMORY OF THE SEA

In the midnight hour, a memory
  Swept like music o'er my soul
As I stood in silent reverie,
  Where the surging billows roll;—
Minor music, sad and sorrowing,
  Full of trembling, full of tears,
Ever like the ocean's murmuring,
  Bringing back the tide of years.
Telling of the long forgotten
  In the cycles of the past,
Of the nations crushed and broken
  In the world's great holocaust.

—E.B.W.

PLEASANT GROVE: Special meeting at the meeting house May 20, 1889, President E. Brown presiding. President John:— "There are many subjects we could speak upon. We live in an important time, and it requires us to be prayerful and diligent continually, that we may escape the great calamities that will come upon the inhabitants of the earth. The ladies' journal, the Exponent, is not supported by us as it should be. This is a valuable paper and the price has been reduced to $1.00 per year."

TIME OF CHANGES: Many practical lessons of faith and repentance have been taught this people in their journeyings, wanderings, and times of severe trial, and they assuredly know that there is an outstretched arm ever ready to protect and defend them if they put their trust in Him,and not in the arm of flesh. This day we are now living in, is spoken of as the trying time, the testing of the integrity of the Saints.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

OLIVE WOOLLEY BURT, well-known Utah writer, and frequent contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has received word from Bobbs-Merrill Company, her publishers, that her interesting and instructive book for children, *Luther Burbank, Boy Wizard*, has been translated into Japanese and German and is being distributed in these countries. The same company is bringing out her book *Prince of the Ranch, the Story of a Collie*, in August. The locale is the Thousand Peaks ranch of Mrs. Adele Cannon Howells (President of the Primary Association) on the upper Weber River, Utah.

IN spite of being blind since infancy, Almeda Adams, eighty-three years old, of Cleveland, Ohio, has conducted choirs, taught music, written operettas, books, and magazine articles, and has kept house for herself, living alone. In countless ways she has helped the underprivileged. She says that to help others, "No one needs eyesight, just insight."

SOVIET women are still forbidden to leave Russia to live in other countries with their foreign husbands, the excuse being that they would be "exploited as kitchen slaves." Who is supposed to do the housework in a communistic society?

JEWISH women are doing a splendid work of regeneration among their young girls in foreign countries, by establishing homes where various types of training are afforded and subsequent employment is found for them. The homes provide a democratic atmosphere and an interesting social life. The entrants are selected by committees of women doctors, psychiatrists, business women, and social workers. Many of the girls were in wartime concentration camps.

ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER McCRIMMON, formerly of Salt Lake City, now of Los Angeles, was honored guest at a luncheon of the Circulo Hispano-Americano in San Francisco, during Pan-American Week. Mrs. McCrimmon is the author of *Cortez the Conqueror*, and after the luncheon, her book was reviewed by a well-known critic, and highly praised by the president of the club.

IN Denning, Arkansas, a slate of all women defeated an all-male ticket at the municipal election in April. For seven years this small town has elected all women officials.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 JULY 1949 NO. 7

The New Frontier

MORE than a hundred years have passed since the vanguard of the Latter-day Saints first entered the wide and lonely valley between the Wasatch Mountains and the Salt Sea. They were pioneers to a land of promise and theirs was the task of subduing the arid land and of building edifices of faith and courage and erecting and sustaining the more lofty temples of the spirit.

Our forefathers on that long journey to Zion were accustomed to sorrow and disappointment. Their campfire thoughts and their hopes and dreams along the trail were a weaving of grief for those whom they had left behind and a surge of hopeful beckoning into the unknown land. Their old homes had disappeared forever on the eastern horizon and they looked toward the West as pilgrims seeking "the ramparts of the rocks" for their protection.

President Brigham Young, expressed his thoughts of the valleys in prophetic words:

> God will temper the climate, and we shall build a city and a temple to the Most High God in this place. We will extend our settlements to the east and west, to the north and to the south, and we will build towns and cities by the hundreds, and thousands of the saints will gather in from the nations of the earth. This will become the great highway of the nations.

Much of the conquest of the land has been completed, in the home valleys and even in the far-off places. There are few unknown regions to beckon the pioneers of today. Our generation faces a new frontier that requires an even more elusive accomplishment. To us and to our children have been given the task and the duty of retaining in its strength and purity the gospel heritage which our forefathers cherished through tribulation. And it is our further responsibility to use our time and our energy, the allotted span of our lives, to help in the great work of directing the minds of men and women towards the rich spiritual life which is gained through brotherhood, through being keepers of not only our own eternal destiny, but through being also of service in the spreading of the message of Jesus, which must be exemplified at home and carried to the far frontiers.

It is, perhaps, an easy and an accurate accomplishment to measure that yield of grain which has been secured from the desert, but who is there among us capable of measuring the harvest that may come from a spiritual planting? These seeds develop less certainly and may require a greater length of time for their maturing. And we who seek a new frontier must go forward with great courage and with the inspired devotion of the true pioneer who sees not only the near goal, but the long road that reaches beyond this world.

V.P.C.

AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT
(Photograph taken on a recent birthday)

Birthday Greetings to Sister Augusta Winters Grant

Age Ninety-Three, July 7th

A gracious and lovely woman, rich in memories, and still interested in the affairs of her family, her community, and her Church, Sister Augusta Winters Grant, widow of President Heber J. Grant, finds much pleasure and contentment in the sunset time of her life. Comfortable and happy in her pleasant home high above City Creek Canyon and Memory Grove, Salt Lake City, Sister Grant often sits at her window looking out upon the valley and the gleaming lake, thinking, perhaps, of the part she and her family have played in the development and growth of the city and Church. Sister Augusta, as she is lovingly called, is a precious link to the past, for she was so much a part of her husband's life that she still seems to be inseparably joined to him in the affections of Church people. She has many friends and a large family who make her days bright with remembrances, telephone calls, and visits. Relief Society women throughout the Church wish her a happy birthday and many days of contentment among the people she loves.

Table Settings and Flower Arrangements

Mary Grant Judd

Member, Relief Society General Board

[This is the fourth in a series of short articles on table decorations, flower arrangements, and related subjects. In the coming months Sister Judd will present other suggestions suitable to particular seasons.—Ed.]

Table Settings for the Canyon

WE love to go into our canyons—not only because they are so beautiful, but because of the complete change from our ordinary surroundings which the scenery gives. Just as your guests enjoy wearing casual clothes for your canyon party, so they will welcome original ideas in your table settings to enhance the satisfying food which robust canyon appetites call for. So this month I want to talk about table settings suitable for out-of-door picnics, or to be used in canyon and country homes.

It is in our family log cabin at Brighton in Big Cottonwood Canyon, Utah, that most of my activities have centered, so I am asking you to pardon me if I become a bit personal.

One affair that I shall never forget, because of the complications preceding the dinner, took place at the M.I.A. home at Brighton. I had planned a pioneer theme since the date was near July Twenty-fourth. When I arrived to set the long table in the dining room, I found, to my consternation, that a meeting of the general boards of the Y. W. and Y.M.M.I.A. was in progress there and would continue for some time. What to do? It was suggested that there were some window shutters stacked away for the winter. Could we improvise a table by placing these shutters on wooden sawhorses? We did! I tried to use wrapping paper in place of a cloth, but the shutters were so wide that, even by using two strips of paper the length of the table, there was a gap of about seven inches in the center. Fortunately, I had planned to decorate with covered wagons, miniature bonfires, and pioneer dolls. I quickly ran outside, shoveled up some loamy soil, generously sprinkled with dry pine needles, and made a realistic road down the center of the table. The covered wagons and the bonfires looked quite at home. These latter were made by placing dry twigs in the form of a tepee with bits of orange and yellow cellophane tucked under the twigs to simulate fire. A stick of burning incense placed in the top of the twigs made a spiral of smoke. Place cards were bits of sagebrush tied with calico bows.

An idea which I have used over and over, varying the central theme according to my mood, is to make an out-of-door scene for the center of the dinner table in the cabin at Brighton. The base is nothing more nor less than a large square of gal-

vanized iron salvaged from an ancient washing machine. (The machine, long since useless for its original purpose, makes an excellent coal bin.) It has been such fun when on a trip, to pick up some quaint little object for our canyon table setting. From Yellowstone Park came several little incense burners in the form of log cabins and a tiny bear to stand under a miniature pine tree. Ever so small Indian baskets and pieces of pottery were found in Mexico. There are even some little rubber donkeys, with natives astride, from faraway Haiti. Some of my most prized possessions have come from the "five and ten." Here I found metal sets of cowboys and Indians and some very realistic bits of rustic fence to arrange as I choose. From Bethel, Maine, the home of my maternal pioneer ancestors, came some little birch canoes to float on our make-believe lake.

THE lake is made of a piece of broken mirror with plaster of Paris, painted tan, encircling it. The entire piece of metal that we use on the table is covered with green moss which we gather a short time before the guests arrive so that it will keep fresh and moist. There are always a few tiny wild flowers available, such as buttercups and forget-me-nots, with which to dot the moss. A few colorful rocks, bits of bark, and tree-like twigs complete the setting for whatever figures we decide to use.

Wild flowers always make a lovely canyon centerpiece. I especially love a patriotic combination of red Indian paintbrush, white columbines, and bluebells, and they come as if ordered just right for the month of July. But sometimes it happens to be just between seasons. This will give your imagination a chance for free play.

The oddest idea I ever used was one summer when it rained overly much, with the result that flowers were scarce. There were, however, quantities of toadstools and mushrooms, with their umbrella-shaped caps delicately tinted in mauves, creams, and rose colors. These, with moss and rocks, made an unusual and really beautiful table. I remember particularly the huge fungus which measured a good ten inches across and held lighted tapers.

Next month I shall talk about "glamour weeds."

Fireworks

Christie Lund Coles

Swiftly I lift my eyes
To catch their loveliness,
Like sprays of sequins
On the night's blue dress,

Like golden trumpets,
Music, visible;
Like shattered rainbows,
Jeweled, beautiful.

I watch them and my heart
Lifts upward now to ache,
Hearing the sputtering sound
As new ones rise and break,

And fall upon the night
In such brief finery
That ancient stars are dimmed
Before their sorcery.

Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

Chapter 7

Synopsis: Joanna, who had married David Niels against the wishes of her family, is left a widow with four children to support and care for. Courageously, she takes inventory of her resources—a home, poorly furnished and not paid for, and $1.19 in cash. A neighbor gives her a sack of navy beans and Joanna decides to make Boston-baked beans for sale. Another neighbor, Abigail Smith, offers to help with ideas and transportation. From a slow and unpromising beginning, they build a profitable business. Joanna decides that she must have a better home for her children. A salesman, Kent Taylor, shows her a house on a hill, which Joanna cannot afford to buy. Unexpectedly, however, she is offered $5,000 for her recipe for Boston-baked beans.

KENT Taylor came when the man had gone. He sat on the edge of the kitchen table and filched cookies from the growing pile before him. "It's incredible, Joanna." But he seemed not too much surprised.

Joanna, taking more cookies from the oven, straightened and stared at him. "Kent Taylor! You had something to do with this."

The afternoon sun poured through the window and burned on his bright hair. "Strangest thing . . . . I'm to do an article for the *Post* about the William Davidson Company."

Joanna came to the table and leaned on it. "You told them about me . . . about my Boston-baked?"

His hazel eyes mocked her. "Come to think of it, believe I did. Angry?"

"Oh, Kent, how could I be? . . . . I'm . . . I'm always so amazed when it happens so naturally . . . ."

"What are you talking about?"

"Miracles."

Kent caught her wrist. His face was very close to her own. Joanna could see the gold flecks in his eyes, the light freckles under his tan, the lines that quickened when he was amused. There was a sudden thudding in her breast.

"Now we can celebrate. You're going to get your house and your shop. Be young, Joanna. Be young and frivolous. Don't be bowed down with responsibilities all the time. Let's go rake a few stars down from the sky."

"I'd like that," Joanna said. "I'd like that very much."

He swung to his feet. "Wonderful! I'll call for you at eight tomorrow night. We'll have dinner. We'll dance. Can you dance, Joanna?"

"I've forgotten how."

"Good! I'll teach you."

Abigail came over when he had gone. "I saw his car drive away and I came right over. Oh, Joanna, I'm still walking on stars from that Mr. Parkinson. Now finish telling me."

Joanna said dreamily, "I have a date, Abigail . . . a date with Kent."

Abigail flushed with pleasure. "About time, I says. When is it?"

"Tomorrow."

"I'll go down town with you . . . in the morning . . . just to see you don't buy another *practical* dress."

The dress was a soft green wool; the coat was gray, the hat a dashing thing of gray to match the coat. It had a green feather slashing through it. Joanna could hardly bear to leave the dressing room in the shop. "I never dreamed I could look . . . like other women."

"What other women wouldn't give . . . to look like you do this minute. Now for a manicure and a hair fixin'. Oh, we'll give that young man a surprise, we will," Abigail promised.

IT was fifteen minutes to six when Joanna, breathless and taut with excitement, reached home. Her children fell back from her, awe in their eyes. "Gee, Mother, you look wonderful." David's eyes shone.

"Like a movie star!" Penny said.

Michael pushed a grimy paper in her hand. "This is our program for tonight. Gee, I'll bet none of the other fellows will have a mother as good-looking as mine."

Something lurched sickeningly within her. *Memory.* This couldn't be the night! Dimly, for days, she had been aware of David's excited talk about the P.T.A. program. She looked down at the paper in her hand. "Solo . . . Michael Niels." She looked down at his bright, expectant face. "You're . . . going to sing . . . alone?" she asked.

"Sure, Mother. That's the surprise. I told you I was going to bring you a surprise. They chose me . . . out of the whole school."

"Darling," Joanna said, and hugged him hard.

The other children were jumping up and down in their excitement.

Sally pushed the yellow curls out of her eyes. "Take us, Mother. We want to hear Michael. We're going to sit in the front row."

She called Kent Taylor, caught him as he was leaving. She had never heard his voice on the phone before. She liked it. It was quick and deep. "Joanna? Anything wrong?"

She told him, and heard his click of impatience at the other end of the line. "But, Joanna, I'm going away tomorrow. Denver and then New York. I don't know when I'll be back."

She said dully, "But Michael has never sung before. This is important to him. I couldn't let him down."

"I see." The words were like a little gate closing against her.

Michael came into the kitchen when she hung up the receiver. He flung himself upon her, hugging her with all his might. "I love you," he said. "I'm going to sing like a million dollars, you wait and listen."

She hugged him to her, hiding her face in his hair.

SNOW covered the ground in the morning, hiding the bright, blown leaves, shrouding the trees. Joanna was glad to see the whiteness. It hid the color of a hot autumn.

She plunged into the business of getting her family settled in the new house, and her work moved to the little shop she and Abigail had found. These were gigantic undertakings, requiring their toll of her strength, until she fell into bed so exhausted that her heart began a queer, lurching sensation.

She went to a doctor. He shook

his head. "You really must slow down, Mrs. Niels . . ."

She smiled at him. "I will slow down, just as soon as I get things settled. Then I'm planning a visit to one of the seacoast towns. I'm going to lie under a palm for months and months."

His rueful smile matched her own. "I've been planning something like that for thirty years. Don't put it off too long, Mrs. Niels."

But when the moving was finished, the new furniture in place, and her small brood gathered in silent ecstasy before the joy of their first fire in their first fireplace, Joanna wondered if she would ever be so happy again.

She sat in the low rocker that she had brought from the old house and slipcovered. The children knelt on the white shag rug before the blaze. Penny's hands were clasped under her chin. "I guess this is the most beautiful house in the whole, wide world."

Joanna laughed and curled Sally's long yellow hair around her fingers. "There must be thousands of nicer houses than this, right in this city."

"With this . . . this feeling in them, Mother? This beautiful feeling?"

Joanna nodded. "With this beautiful feeling. But aren't we lucky to have it?" She smiled at David. "I see you've written out the chores?"

David nodded and sped to get the paper. "I got it all figured out, Mother. If each one of us will just do his job and put a check right here when he's finished, there won't be hardly anything for you to do."

Joanna read the list again. David was to take care of the lawns and the porches and the basement; Michael was to oversee the wastebaskets and run the errands, and help Sally with the dishes. Penny was to make the beds, vacuum, and dust.

Sally laid her cheek on Joanna's knee. "Oh, Mother, I love you so much."

"We all do," David said, "and someday you won't have to do one single thing. We'll do it all. You can just ride around in a car and wear fur coats and things."

"Mink," said Joanna and bent and laid her face against Penny's cheek. "My children," she said softly, "my dears."

JOANNA used to wonder which gave her the greatest joy, her house or her new shop. The shop had been a dreary little place when she rented it, with fly-specked mirrors, dirty walls, and grimier floors. Now, under the brushes of painters and the scrubbing cloths of herself and Abigail, the place began to gleam. She papered the front of the shop in yellow and gray striped paper, hung pale yellow poplin drapes at the windows, covered the floor in black linoleum with a yellow border. Her showcases glistened. She hung bright plates in a circle around the mirror, and she placed red geraniums on a white shelf where they made a gay splash of color.

Joanna cared for the geraniums herself. "They'll always remind me of the old house, the red and white checked curtains and the slipcover on the davenette."

Abigail's brush scrubbed busily.

"I should think you'd want to forget that place as quick as you could. Ugh! The hours we've put in." She looked complacently around the shining store. "Pin-clean, every inch of it. Folks will feel right good buying their bread here." She tried on the new yellow apron that would front the gray uniform. "Unlock the door, Joanna, and stand back. We're ready for business."

Joanna laughed and kissed Abigail on her soft, flushed cheek. "What would I have done without you? You've . . . been a pillar, Abigail, a beautiful, bright pillar."

Abigail untied the apron. "It's been a right interesting affair, even Henry admitted, the other night, that working for you was almost as good as being on relief." She looked up. "Here come your first customers. What is that fellow carryin'? That black thing?"

"A camera?" Joanna went slowly to the door and unlocked it. The man with the camera took off his hat. "You're Mrs. Niels?"

"Yes?"

"How would you like a little publicity?"

Joanna stepped back. "But that would be wonderful . . . but why?"

A smile softened his hard-bitten face. "Not many folks here in town but have eaten your bread. I've been waiting for years to have it turn doughy and flat . . . like the others. But up to now it's had integrity."

Joanna laced her fingers in delight. "I guess that's the nicest thing anyone ever said to me."

He opened his camera. "I'd like an inset of you, perhaps a full shot. Turn this way, Mrs. Niels."

ABIGAIL and the children shrieked with delight when they saw the paper that carried Joanna's picture and a two-column spread.

"But Mother," Sally exclaimed over and over. "You look beautiful."

Secretly, Joanna thought so, too. She couldn't get over the delight of turning the page and having her own face look up at her, serene and laughter-touched. She bought several copies of the paper and smuggled them into her room. She couldn't get over the wonder of being attractive. For it was there for anyone to see. It had become fashionable to have a face like hers, with good bones showing, and faint hollows under them. It was smart to be wide of shoulders and very thin. Glamorous, they called it.

She suddenly discovered that she had a host of friends. On the opening day of her shop, flowers were everywhere, baskets and baskets of them, bannered with bright ribbons that wished her luck. Long before closing time, the counters were bare. Joanna hired two more women for the kitchen, put Abigail in charge, and bought uniforms for two more salesgirls.

She began to be asked out . . . to dinners, to plays. She met a great many interesting people. It amused and amazed Joanna to be the center of attraction, to watch men arrange things so they could take her home, to have the telephone ring because someone wanted to take her out. She bought new clothes, reveling in the texture of velvet and good tweeds. On the day she opened the second Joanna Bakery, she bought five pairs of shoes, and then could

not sleep all night, shocked by her own extravagance.

She laughed when her children crowded around to admire her before she went out. She cupped Penny's face in her hands. "Darling, you see? A woman can be Cinderella at almost any age."

Sally rubbed her face against the garnet velvet of Joanna's gown. "I'm so glad you're having fun, Mother. Have lots and lots of it, heaped up and running down."

Penny said, "There's a boy named Tom Nichols. He wants me to go out with him . . . to a party. Mother, it's . . . he's special."

"Well—if you are in by eleven . . ."

"Mother!" Penny flung her arms around Joanna and hugged her hard. "I do love you."

(To be continued)

The Jumpher Family

(*Continued from page 451*)

"Say snow, Martin," said Mama.

"Lalalalala," said Martin.

Mama laughed and then she cried, and then we were in the taxi going home.

"It isn't much of a place, but we're lucky to have an apartment of any kind," said Papa. "What did your mother say about coming? Oh, never mind. Don't tell me today."

"How did you bend your glasses like that, Martha Jane?" Papa asked. "One eye isn't even looking through the lens. Fix them, Randy."

And then we were at the apartment. It was small, but Papa said we'd find a house real soon, or a bigger apartment. We walked through the rooms, and Martin found the garbage and started to stir it with one of the spoons from the dining car on the train.

It began to snow again and got dark very early.

"It's nearly time for bed," said Papa, and he told us all the stories we asked for and turned the lights dim. "If you hadn't come, I would have come to you," said Papa, looking at Mama.

Martin played with his silver string and Mama's hair, looked at the snow and said, "Lalalalala," and then went to sleep. And then we were all going to bed. Randy and I and Richard said goodnight. Papa kissed us and then took Mama and lifted up her chin. Mama began to blush, and a piece of silver string fell forward across the place where Mama's hair was the curliest and darkest against her temple.

"Hugh," Mama said.

"My word," said Randy. "Don't Mama and Papa look different!"

"You do, too," said Papa. "Is it the hives again?"

Randy sighed. "I thought you were going to be romantic. Hives! I didn't even get to dance. I wrote you all about it."

Mama moved to go with us to comfort Randy, but Papa kept hold of her. "Good night," said Papa, pulling her back into the living room. "See you kids in the morning. I haven't even had a chance to talk to your mother yet." He turned again to Mama. "Hello, Mama," we heard him say. "Hello, Kate."

E. Louisa Allen Thomas Makes a Pioneer Quilt

E. Louisa Allen Thomas, Ogden, Utah, is shown displaying her unique pioneer quilt which depicts events in early Church history and the settlement of the mountain valleys.

The quilt is made in the shape of the State of Utah, with a beehive, representing the State emblem, in the corner where the southwestern part of Wyoming joins Utah. The State is made in blue cloth on a white background, with the historical figures designed in gold-colored material. The figures and events pictured include the Angel Moroni delivering the golden plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith; a covered wagon, symbolizing the long trek from Nauvoo, Illinois, to the mountain valleys; crickets and seagulls in the fields; the Brigham Young monument, and This Is the Place monument.

Mrs. Thomas selected her designs from newspaper pictures and copied them with carbon paper. The stitching is done in diamond pattern for the center, bordered by a scroll design, and for the edge a leaf motif is stitched on the white cloth and the edges gracefully scalloped.

The making of the quilt has given Mrs. Thomas, who is seventy-two years old, much pleasure, and she plans to use this handiwork as an heirloom to be handed down to her family. She writes: "I have made many beautiful quilts, have one on the frame now." Among her many other activities, Mrs. Thomas finds time to teach a Sunday School class and she has completed the genealogical research for thousands of names.

Let's Vary the Picnic Menu

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

SANDWICHES are not the only "finger-foods" that can be served at a Fourth of July outing. Furthermore, potato salad is not the only hearty salad for a hungry group of picnickers. Here is a happy twosome that should be more widely known in this fair land of ours.

Perhaps it is the name that baffles us. *Pjiroskies* are impossible to spell and still worse to pronounce, but they are delectable to eat—and not difficult to prepare. Let's let the Russians call them what they like—we can re-christen them "Bomburgers" and Americanize them as thoroughly as they deserve to be. They are a combination of hamburger and doughnut that adapts itself perfectly to picnics.

In place of the ever-present potato salad, let's borrow from the French and serve vinaigrette. In spite of its fancy name, it is a plain and wholesome salad. On the Fourth we celebrate the founding of the "great melting pot"—the land that welcomes all races with their customs and their talents—and, incidentally, their foods—and makes them all Americans!

BOMBURGERS

1 lb. ground beef
1 small onion, chopped
1 tbsp. flour
2 eggs
3 tbsp. cooking oil
1 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. sugar
½ cup buttermilk
3 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder

Brown the meat and the onion in a frying pan. Sprinkle with one tablespoon of flour, and set aside to cool slightly.

Mix eggs, oil, salt, sugar, and buttermilk. Add flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder. Mix well. Roll out small amounts of this dough on a floured board. Make them about the size of a large pancake, and place a spoonful of the meat in the center. Then fold two of the sides together across the top, pinching the dough tightly, so that the Bomburgers won't spring open in the frying. Drop them in hot fat, pinched side down. When they are a golden brown on one side, turn them over. Remove from fat and serve warm or cold as desired.

VINAIGRETTE

Diced cooked carrots
Diced cooked beets
One boiled potato, diced
Chopped dill pickle
Chopped onion

Toss together with mayonnaise

Bear Lake

Alice Morrey Bailey

This, nature's canvas, done in blue—
Blue lake, blue hills, the pale blue span of sky
In shades and tints no artist dares to try.
The greening depths of smalt, sage-gray, subdue
Themselves to cerulean tone and hue.
Tier on tier of lapis lazuli,
Line on turquoise line, outreach the eye;
In mirrored surf the herons wheel and slue.

Lost in sapphire waves, the mallard floats
Above the bice-dull fishes' mystic haunts.
Muted in expanse, the wild bird notes
Echo over subterranean fonts.
From azure-thin to cobalt, deep as night,
The dreaming senses drown in blue delight

Wind Music

Elaine Swain

Some, stalwart souls, find rapture
In the winds that howl and roar,
With every crash of bough
Their savage spirits soar.

Give me the gentle zephyr
With a rustling of the leaves,
For me, the languid tempo
And the song the willow weaves.

Make Use of the Rocks

Ezra J. Poulsen

IN this day of high prices it is well to remember that rocks are still cheap. If they are not already around under your feet, you will find plenty of them in some neighboring creek bottom or ledge. And they are abundantly useful around the home.

If you are handy enough to use a trowel and mix a little cement mortar, you should not have any trouble finding plenty of projects for using rocks. They do well to line a small water ditch, both for artistic effect and for the conservation of moisture. They make the best of retaining walls, bird baths, flagstone walks, and foundations for small buildings.

Perhaps the rear fence has fallen into discard, with the posts broken off and the wires sagging, with the result that the climbing roses and Virginia creeper are literally crawling out into the alley in search of something on which to drape their foliage. Here, a neat stone wall would create a miracle of durability and beauty. If you are a trifle hesitant about your ability to undertake such a task, just keep in mind a few basic rules, then remember the vines will cover up the wall, anyway. So a wall may be the very place for your first effort.

Make sure you have a durable footing, deep enough to be below the frost line, and wide enough to give the wall the rigidity necessary to withstand any of the ordinary forces of nature without cracking or sagging. The width of the footing may be about two feet, and the depth an equal distance from the surface, with the actual thickness of the footing from eight to twelve inches. The footing should be level and so completely tied together by cement as to constitute a solid slab. Then, with trowel and mortar, using also a line and plumb bob, you are ready to do the actual building of the wall.

One of the most interesting projects to undertake without a high degree of skill in masonry, is laying a flagstone courtyard or patio. This might well unite the house with an outdoor fireplace, the latter also to be built with the same design and materials. This undertaking may expand into an outdoor living room, with rustic furniture and, if possible, a huge flagstone table properly mounted on a solid base.

The fireplace naturally becomes the center of many outdoor activities, such as marshmallow roasts and picnics. With the table handy, it is always easy to serve a complete meal if desired. If the wings of the fireplace are designed to be hollow, they make excellent storage places for wood and, by covering the top of the wings also with smooth slabs of rocks, you get extra table space for pans and dishes.

Your flagstone yard, built in this way, should be sloped sufficiently to make drainage swift and complete. And, after the very first

rain, you will feel well repaid for the effort. No mud, no pools of stagnant water, just clean, glistening stones under your feet, make it possible for you to go out as soon as the sun breaks through the clouds, while the water is still clinging to the shrubbery and flowers, and the sweet smell of rain is still in the air.

In laying a flagstone yard, it is wise to have the stones at least four inches thick, and as uniform in thickness as possible. Then cut away the necessary amount of top soil, and tamp the ground firmly where the stones are to be laid. Use plenty of good cement. The floor will be rugged but durable.

Summer

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Summer came in on spurs of columbines
And shone in dahlias' bold, flamboyant faces.
It paused a moment where wisteria vines
Shook out their amethyst-encrusted laces.
It crept along the garden's rambling rows
And stained to red delicious heart-shaped berries.
It trilled in robins' braggadocios
Which swelled vermilion breasts among the cherries.
It balanced, rainbow-winged, above the daisy
In shimmering hummingbirds and dragonflies.
It hummed in amaryllis, drowsy, lazy,
Till I grew sleepy, too, and closed my eyes.
A moment I was lost in slumbering
And summer vanished on a swallow's wing.

Salads of Infinite Variety

Sara Mills

SALAD days are back. If you have used wisdom and the garden hoe, you should have the makings of an infinite variety of salads right at your back door. You fortunate ones with space should have everything from lettuce to green and red peppers. Apartment dwellers can have herbs, grown in flower pots, if needs be.

Imagination is all important in salad making, that and knowing the fundamental skills. Once you have mastered the art of mixing the dressing and combining the greens and their accessories, you can make each lunch and dinner a thing of savory delight.

Let your imagination riot in salad materials. Lettuce heads the list, whether it be the ice head or the delicate butter variety, grown so easily in the home garden. But don't stop at lettuce. There's romaine, escarole, chicory, spinach, endive, celery (both stalks and green leaves), garden cress, tender dandelions, bean sprouts, young chard, and cabbage, not the least of which is the delicate green Chinese cabbage.

In addition to the greens, there are tomatoes, red and green peppers, cucumbers, radishes, onions, avocados, celery, peas, beets, carrots, zucchini, either diced fresh from the garden or cooked, string beans, cauliflower segments, and artichoke hearts.

The herb list is almost as long: chives, parsley, tarragon, young mustard leaves, nasturtium seeds and stems, thyme, mint, sweet marjoram, anise, summer savory, dill, and sweet basil. Use any of them. My favorites I'll discuss later.

The end is not yet. You will need bottles of oil and vinegar. There was a time when I considered olive oil a must. That was before 1941. Now I have learned to use and like any good salad oil. Yet, when I want a particularly good salad, I use at least half olive oil, the best that can be bought.

As for vinegar, there is only your discretion. Foremost I put a good tarragon-flavored vinegar. When I can get it, I use a French one, but there is a domestic brand found on almost every grocery shelf that is a good substitute. My shelf, as of today, includes a tarragon vinegar, a basil vinegar, a garlic-flavored vinegar, a mixed-herb vinegar, a pineapple vinegar, and cider vinegar. I have used almost all of them combined for a single dressing and found the result pleasing.

Your condiment shelf should be almost as varied. There should be mustard, pepper (freshly ground, if possible), cayenne pepper, paprika, celery salt, chili powder, Worcestershire sauce, A.I. sauce, and Tabasco sauce. Some of you may care for the flavored salts, such as garlic, onion, and so on. My best advice, however, is to get the flavors firsthand.

With all this array, the rest is simple. There are a few funda-

mental principles, always to be observed. The salad greens should be washed and placed to crisp in the icebox several hours before using. Lettuce should be broken in pieces by hand.

Garlic, just a hint, enhances the flavor of any green salad. If you possess a wooden bowl, and every salad lover should have one, cut a clove of garlic in half and rub a piece around the bowl until it disappears into the wood. Next arrange your greens. You may make a border of lettuce leaves, endive, or romaine tips. In the center you may have an escarole heart, flanked by lettuce or other greens, or you may toss your greens indiscriminately. On top, arrange the sliced onions, tomatoes (cut lengthwise for retaining the juice), green peppers, or whatever vegetables you care to use. Place a scattering of finely chopped or cut herbs on top. My favorites are chives, parsley, thyme, and basil. Basil I use always with tomatoes, but the others may be used separately or together with almost any combination. Now, place a damp cloth over the bowl and put it in the icebox until it is ready to be used on the table. If you are a perfectionist, you will toss the salad at the table.

That leads directly to the matter of dressing. No two cooks ever mix a dressing the same way. The old standard recipe calls for two tablespoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar. My recipe is this:

In a small bottle I place a generous dash of salt, a small dash of cayenne pepper, and paprika, and a larger dash of mustard. To this I add a few drops of Worcestershire sauce and a sprinkle of Tabasco sauce. I may also add some celery seeds and a little chili powder or about a half-teaspoon of chili sauce. To this I add the oil, two generous teaspoonfuls to a person, and one of vinegar. I usually add an extra teaspoon of lemon juice Then I put the lid on the bottle and shake it until the contents are beautifully blended. If I am not using a garlic-rubbed bowl, I take part of a garlic clove and place it in the bottle. Then I chill the contents, remembering to shake the bottle well before I pour it over the greens. For tossing, I prefer a wooden fork and spoon, and the salad is turned until every morsel is coated with the dressing.

To the bowl of salad greens and tomatoes, you may add tiny marbles of cream cheese, mixed with herbs, or sprinkle the greens generously with fresh grated Parmesan cheese, a few anchovies, or stuffed eggs.

If you wish a cooked vegetable salad of carrots, artichoke hearts, peas, cauliflowers, string beans, or zucchini, these should be marinated in dressing before using. For a zestful salad, add a tiny bit of minced mint and thyme to the peas. You may use minced thyme, parsley, summer savory, or chives with the other vegetables. Avocados should be cubed or sliced and sprayed with lemon juice, their flavor is heightened by the use of onions and sliced oranges or grapefruit.

Fruits, added to a tossed salad, give piquancy and add vitamins. Slices or chunks of pineapple, fresh or canned, are good with greens and cheese balls, or with the vegetable combinations. Seedless grapes stimulate the taste in almost any variant of the tossed salad. You may mix into the salad paper-thin slices of apple, with the red peel left on for firmness and color. Slices of canned peaches and pears give va-

riety, and when fruit is used, make the dressing with pineapple vinegar, adding a little sugar.

The above, remember, is only a primer of salad making. Don't be afraid to experiment.

Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon

Christine Eaton

DURING the past season, it was often a problem to supply a light luncheon on work meeting days at the moderate cost which the Relief Society felt justified in using for this purpose.

It was felt desirable to have one hot item, either a hot dish, or hot rolls, and home-made cookies were usually served as desserts.

The following menu was used to feed about thirty people at a cost of around $3.50.

POTATO ROLLS
(Makes about 40 rolls)

1 cup milk
1 small can evaporated milk
3 medium-sized potatoes, boiled
1 ½ tsp. salt
2/3 cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs

Mash the potatoes and, while they are still hot, stir in the shortening and sugar; beat well, add milk and salt. When cooled to lukewarm, beat in 1 yeast cake and 1 cup flour. Let stand in a warm place till light and foamy, then add 2 well-beaten eggs and all the flour that can be stirred and kneaded in (5 or 6 cups). Let rise until double in bulk. Make into rolls and let rise until very light; bake at 375 degrees, about 15 minutes.

BEET JELLY SALAD
(Serves 6-7 persons)

1 envelope gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup hot water
1/3 cup sugar
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice

When the jelly begins to stiffen, add 1 cup beets, chopped very fine, and 1 cup chopped celery or shredded cabbage and ½ chopped red or green pepper. Chopped cucumber may be added. Turn into mold, chill, and unmold on lettuce and garnish with cheese balls.

MOORISH DELIGHT
(Makes about 30 cookies)

1 ¾ cup uncooked oatmeal
1 cup brown sugar
¾ cup margarine
1 ½ cup flour
1 tsp. soda
¼ tsp. salt

Cream the margarine and brown sugar, soda, and salt, and stir thoroughly. Cut in the margarine and sugar. Take one half of mixture and spread on the bottom of a shallow pan, such as a cookie sheet.

FILLING

1 ½ cups raisins
½ cup white sugar
3 tbsp. cornstarch
grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
1 cup water

Chop the raisins and mix with other ingredients. Cook until thick. Spread the filling over the oatmeal in a pan, then press, rather than spread, the rest of the oatmeal mixture on top of the filling. Bake in slow oven (300°) for about one hour.

While still hot, cut in finger-length strips.

Notes on Authors of the Lessons

THIS year two writers, Mary Grant Judd and Elder Briant Jacobs, not previously represented among the authors of the lessons, are introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*.

Mary Grant Judd, author of the visiting teacher messages, "Our Savior Speaks," is a member of the Relief Society general board, and an active leader in community cultural projects. A daughter of President Heber J. Grant and Augusta Winters Grant, she accompanied her parents on their mission to Japan and learned that difficult language at the age of thirteen. Her rich heritage of devotion to the gospel, a deep appreciation of art, literature, and music, and a careful training in the domestic arts have made Mary Grant Judd a capable and willing worker in many fields of service. The biography of her mother's life which Sister Judd wrote for the *Improvement Era* (published 1944-45) gave evidence of historical accuracy and warm human interest blended into a delightful and significant story.

After three years attendance at the University of Utah and one year at Columbia University, Mary Grant married Robert L. Judd, who later became vice-chairman of the General Church Welfare Committee and served ably in this capacity until his death in 1945. There are six children, two sons and four daughters, and ten grandchildren in the family.

Readers of the *Magazine* are already familiar with the many excellent articles which Sister Judd has written, and with the current series, "Table Settings and Flower Arrangements."

Briant Jacobs, author of the literature lessons, was born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, a son of Henry C. Jacobs and Alberta Larsen Jacobs. He attended Snow College at Ephraim and the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, later becoming a member of the Richfield High School faculty for one year. He received his Ph.D. in American Literature from the State University of Iowa, submitting as a thesis a study of the novel in Boston preceding the Civil War.

Less than a month after receiving his degree, Brother Jacobs entered the Navy as an Ensign and, upon completing his preliminary training at Tucson, Arizona, and Harvard University, he was assigned to communications duty aboard the U.S.S. Guam, a heavy cruiser which participated in various campaigns in the Pacific area.

At the present time Briant Jacobs has completed three years as a member of the English department at Brigham Young University. Married to the former Barbara Tietjen, of Monroe, Utah, the Jacobs have two daughters, age six years and two years. Since 1946, most of Brother Jacobs' non-academic time has been spent in building a home just north of the B.Y.U. campus.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see:

Elder Don B. Colton: *Relief Society Magazine*, page 483, July 1947.

Elder T. Edgar Lyon: *Relief Society Magazine*, page 470, July 1946.

Elder G. Homer Durham, *The Relief Society Magazine*, page 471, July 1948.

Jean Ridges Jennings, *The Relief Society Magazine*, page 471, July 1948.

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Preview of Lessons for 1949-50

Don B. Colton

AS originally outlined, the textbook to be followed again this year is *Jesus the Christ* by Elder James E. Talmage. Again this year only one chapter of the text will be treated in each lesson. We are sure that experience has demonstrated that each chapter provides sufficient material to occupy the class period. Class leaders are urged also to study references at the end of each chapter and secure authentic enrichment material wherever available. However, the discussion should be confined to the subject matter of the lesson.

It is doubtful if any other period in the world's history ever needed the true Christian way of life as does the one in which we are living. This year's course will deal largely with doctrines of the Church as they were taught by the Savior during the closing months of his personal ministry on earth. The women of Relief Society will be given opportunity to study these doctrines; and it is earnestly hoped that this study will awaken in the heart of each sister a desire not only to live personally the gospel of the Redeemer, but also to aid in bringing others to see the true light. The objective will be to show the way of life as Jesus taught it that we may pattern our lives more closely after his.

This course follows closely the text *Jesus the Christ*. The events in the Savior's life are treated in the same chronological order as in the text, and each lesson covers many different subjects. The objectives given at the beginning of each lesson are, therefore, general in nature.

Questions are given at the end of each lesson. It is suggested that class leaders use these questions to aid in obtaining class participation and discussion as the lesson is being presented.

Again, the titles of the chapters of the text have been used as the titles of the lessons. For the 1949-50 season we shall study chapters 25 to 32 inclusive, and the titles and objectives of the lessons follow:

Lesson 17. *"Jesus Again in Jerusalem,"* chapter 25.

> Objective: To increase faith in the Lord Jesus by a careful study of some of his wonderful teachings.

Lesson 18. *"Our Lord's Ministry in Perea and Judea,"* chapter 26.

> Objective: To demonstrate that Jesus taught a plan of life capable of saving all who will repent and obey him.

Lesson 19. *"Continuation of the Perean and Judean Ministry"* up to and including *"Parable of the Pharisee and Publican,"* chapter 27, page 473.

Objective: To continue the unfolding, by his matchless teaching, of the great gospel plan as taught by the Lord Jesus.

Lesson 20. *"Continuation of the Perean and Judean Ministry," Chapter 27 concluded and "The Last Winter,"* chapter 28.

Objective: To prove by cumulative evidence that Jesus was indeed the greatest teacher mankind has ever known.

Lesson 21. *"On to Jerusalem,"* chapter 29.

Objective: To show how steadfastly Jesus continued to minister unto people on his road to foreknown Calvary and the cross.

Lesson 22. *"Jesus Returns to the Temple Daily,"* chapter 30.

Objective: To study carefully the Lord's teachings within the temple as he neared the close of his earthly life.

Lesson 23. *"The Close of Our Lord's Public Ministry,"* chapter 31.

Objective: To convince the prayerful student that Jesus is the Lord by a careful analysis of his masterly teaching during the period which closed his public ministry.

Lesson 24. *"Further Instruction to the Apostles,"* chapter 32.

Objective: To show how clearly and forcefully Jesus instructed those who were to carry on his work after his crucifixion.

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 17—"Jesus Again in Jerusalem"

Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 25, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, October 4, 1949

Objective: To increase faith in the Lord Jesus by a careful study of some of his wonderful teachings.

Note: All quotations which are not followed by references are taken from the text *Jesus the Christ*.

Departure from Galilee

IN lesson 16, we studied the concluding events of the Savior's life and some of the discourses he gave during his last visit to Galilee. Our studies during the current year will be confined largely to his Perean and Judean ministry.

The apostles had returned from their missionary tours and had been almost continuously with Jesus for several months. It was harvest time and the Feast of the Tabernacles was near at hand. This celebration followed the Passover and the Feast of Weeks or Pentecost.

It was both a memorial and a yearly harvest celebration at which all males in Israel were required to "appear before the Lord in formal celebration," that is, to appear or attend in the court of the tabernacle or temple and "make his offering with a joyful heart" (Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, page 192).

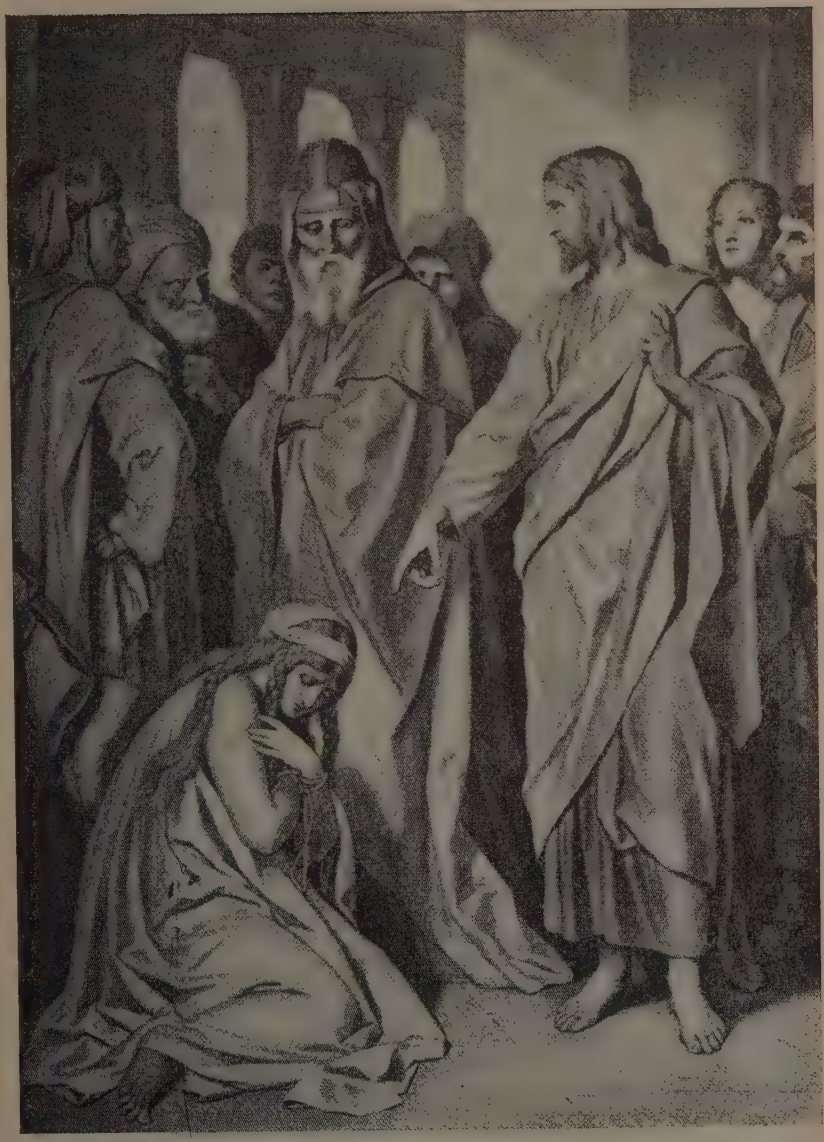
Many of the Savior's brethren urged that he should go to a more prominent place than Galilee to display his powers; but not through zeal for his divine mission, for we are expressly told they did not believe in him. When he refused to let them direct his movements, he took occasion to tell them of the difference between their status and his. He was not of the world as they were. The world hated him because he was not of it, and, therefore, he was rejected by those who were of the world.

At the Feast of Tabernacles

There was great interest in Jerusalem concerning Jesus. Many people believed he was a good man, although many disputed this, and all seemed to be afraid to espouse his cause openly for fear of incurring the displeasure of the rulers. Jesus decided to go to the Feast of the Tabernacles at Jerusalem and, probably on the third or fourth day, he appeared. As usual, he soon began to teach the people. Evidently he surprised the teachers. They asked among themselves: "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" He was no graduate of their schools, nor had he sat at the feet of the rabbis. Note his answer: ". . . My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John 7:16-17). Thus he revealed his teacher—the great Eternal Father. The test he gave was eminently fair. It is fair today. *Do his will* and we shall know. Jesus honored his great Teacher—his God—and, therefore, he was free from selfish pride and boastfulness.

The rulers had tried especially to convict the Lord on two charges, breaking the Sabbath and blasphemy. It will be recalled he had healed an afflicted man on the Sabbath. Jesus now referred to this act of mercy, saying: "I have done one work and ye all marvel." The rulers were in doubt as to whether they should accept him for the miracle or reject him because he had performed the miracle on the Sabbath. He confounded them when he showed that the law of Moses expressly allowed acts of mercy on the Sabbath. "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment" (John 7:24).

Strange how prone men are to misjudge. All the works of Jesus were good and many people were beginning to believe in him. When the chief priests realized this, they sent officers to arrest him and bring him before their high court—the Sanhedrin. The Master, however, continued his discourse, telling the people that he would be with them only for a short time; and that he would then return to the Father. Always his remarks that he came from the Father and would return to him caused bitter discussion. The people would not accept his doc-



A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Hofmann

CHRIST AND THE SINNER

trine that he was from God—a part of the Godhead.

Many of the plain people were impressed with Jesus and declared he was the Messiah. The technical objectors quibbled over his coming from Galilee. They argued that the Messiah was to come from Bethlehem of Judea. How easy it is when one wants to find an excuse for not obeying!

When the police officers returned without Jesus and acknowledged they had been impressed by his teachings, their masters were furious. They asked of the officers, "Are ye also deceived?" (John 7:47). These arrogant rulers were concerned, however, with the opinion of the common people, and because of this fear were stopped again in their evil course. The only man in the Sanhedrin who voiced any comment in favor of the Lord was Nicodemus, who had previously come personally to Jesus by night to inquire into his teachings (John 3:1-21).

"Go, and Sin No More"

Shortly after the festival, Jesus went one morning to the temple and began teaching one of the groups that gathered about him. Here occurred an event of outstanding importance which illustrated his capacity as a teacher and judge. While he was talking, a party of scribes and Pharisees brought a woman who, they charged, was guilty of adultery. Her guilt seems to have been admitted. The law of Moses required that such crimes should be punished by having the guilty one stoned to death, although this extreme penalty had long since been abandoned. Thinking to ensnare the Lord, the scribes and Pharisees asked, "But what sayest thou?" Had he decreed the death penalty, it would have been against the law of the Romans, since power to inflict the death penalty had been taken from all Jewish tribunals and adultery was not a capital offense under Roman rule. If the judgment were to release her with little or no punishment, Jesus would have disregarded the law of Moses. These wicked rulers thought they had Jesus trapped. For awhile he seemed to disregard their demands and then said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." That was the law. Jesus began writing on the ground. The woman's accusers slunk away.

When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more (John 8:10-11).

While the Lord declined to condemn her to death, he sent her away with the solemn warning to repent and lead a better life.

The Light of the World

The Master Teacher moved to another part of the temple court and, seeing the great lamps, continued his teaching, saying: ". . . I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8:12). It was another way of telling them again that he was the Son of God—the giver of light and life. He did not often stop to argue; he proclaimed. He told them that he was guided by the Father who had

sent him. With bitter sarcasm, his opponents asked, "Where is thy Father?" He told them that if they had known him, they would have known the Father also. The Pharisees would have seized him but they could not. "No man laid hands on him; for his hour was not yet come."

The Truth Shall Make You Free

It would be well for class members to read John 8:21-59. Therein are found some of the most profound teachings of the Lord. He again asserts his own supremacy but ascribes all honor and glory to his Father. It is a beautiful example of humble grandeur on the part of the world's greatest character. It was the proud boast of the haughty Jews that because they were the seed of Abraham, they were in bondage to no man. Jesus had said to them that if they would believe and follow him: ". . . ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Jesus knew, and they knew, that Israel had been in political bondage. Even at that time they paid tribute to Rome. The Savior made it clear that he did not refer to political freedom, but to spiritual freedom. Said he, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." Whosoever sins is in bondage to sin. They were in the devil's bondage. The devil is the worst sinner of all and there is no truth in him.

The declaration made by Jesus: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death" (John 8:51), seemed to infuriate the wicked Jews more than anything else. They said: "Now we know that thou hast a devil." The prophets were dead and Jesus had dared to say that all who obeyed him would be exempt from death. He had exalted himself above Abraham. Jesus proclaimed his own supremacy again: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." "I AM" was an awe-inspiring title. It was a declaration of the Lord's eternal Godship. Jesus Christ of the New Testament was the Jehovah of the Old Testament. He was and is the Eternal—the First and the Last. He was the First-born in the spirit world and the Only Begotten in the flesh.

Bodily and Spiritual Blindness

John alone records an instance of Sabbath-day healing of more than ordinary importance. Jesus and his disciples saw a blind beggar on the street. The disciples asked this question: "Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" Note the Savior's reply: "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Surely the question and reply imply that it would have been possible, through choice, for the man to have sinned prior to his birth. However, in this case neither he nor his parents had sinned. The Savior departed from his usual custom and anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay and then directed him to go to the pool of Siloam and wash in its waters. The blind had been made to see, and though the man did not know Jesus as the Messiah, he stoutly affirmed that he had been divinely healed by a prophet. Jesus later sought the man out and made it

known to him that the miracle had been performed by the Son of God. The man believed and worshipped him as the Lord (John 9:1-38).

Shepherd and Sheep Herder

If time permits, the class should give attention to the great lesson taught in John 10:1-21. An account is given there of one of the Lord's most impressive discourses. Only through him may we enter the fold. He is the Good Shepherd. No stronger arraignment of false pastors and teachers was ever written. He explains how broad and comprehensive his plan is by saying: "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd" (John 10:16).

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Relate the incident of the Jewish rulers trying to trap the Savior by seeking to get him to judge the woman taken in sin. Show how wisely he avoided their attempted snare.

2. In what way is Jesus the light of the world?

3. Christ's statement "The truth shall make you free" applies today just as it did when he uttered it. Explain how the truth makes us free.

4. How did the healing of the blind man on the Sabbath day show that Jesus Christ understood the pre-existent life?

5. How may a testimony of Christ be obtained?

References in the Four Gospels

Matt. 5:21-48; 7:15.
John 7:1-53; 8:1-59; 10:1-21.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Preview of Lessons for 1949-50

Mary Grant Judd

THE visiting teacher messages for 1949-50 will be a continuation of the series titled, "Our Savior Speaks." As in the previous year's messages, timely and significant statements of the Savior will be presented. Some are loving admonitions, others are statements of fact, and still others are presented in the form of thought-and-action-provoking questions.

The titles for the various months will be as follows:

Lesson 1. "*I Am Come that They Might Have Life, and that They Might Have It More Abundantly*" (John 10:10).

Objective: To show that the way to eternal life is the most complete life.

Lesson 2. "*Behold, I Stand at the Door, and Knock*" (Rev. 3:20).

Objective: To point out that Christ is ever ready to enter our hearts, if we but prepare the way.

Lesson 3. "*These Things I Have Spoken unto You, That in Me Ye Might Have Peace*" (John 16:33).

Objective: To affirm that through conforming our lives to the teachings of Christ we may possess peace in our souls.

Lesson 4. *"Lovest Thou Me? . . . Feed My Lambs"* (John 21:15).

Objective: To point out that this admonition is equally important today.

Lesson 5. *"Is Not the Life More Than Meat, and the Body Than Raiment?"* (Matt. 6:25).

Objective: To emphasize that there is a larger life than that of the body, namely, that of the spirit.

Lesson 6. *"For This Cause Shall a Man Leave Father and Mother and Shall Cleave to His Wife"* (Matt. 19:5).

Objective: To point out that, following their marriage, the allegiance of a man and woman to each other transcends even the lasting allegiance which they owe their parents.

Lesson 7. *"Nevertheless Not My Will, but Thine, Be Done"* (Luke 22:42).

Objective: To help us accept life as it comes and not to lose faith during adversity.

Lesson 8. *"Be of Good Cheer"* (Matt. 14:27).

Objective: To reaffirm that in bringing help and comfort to others, we gain joy for ourselves.

Lesson 1—"I Am Come That They Might Have Life, and That They Might Have It More Abundantly" (John 10:10)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, October 4, 1949

Objective: To show that the way to eternal life is the most complete life.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10). Thus spoke our Savior to some of his questioners, in explaining his earthly mission.

In the early days of the Christian era some men thought that by withdrawing themselves from companionship with their fellows, they would more nearly approach the perfect life that the Master wished them to live. Nothing could be further from his intent. He set the example by mingling with all types of people—beggars and lepers, Samaritans and publicans, the rich and the poor. He was at home with all and loved them all. Men in high places sought him out, yet little children were at ease in his society and common folk heard him gladly. He showed compassion toward even dishonest men and sinful women. He went to them and won them. Thus he set the example of tolerance toward all.

Other mistaken ideas of an earlier period, which persist with some in our own generation, are that religion is primarily to prepare us for the life to come, that it is narrowing in its influence, and that it is sinful to enjoy the delights which are to be found in this world. Christ showed us that the religious life is the abundant life. He came not to restrict us in our enjoyments of life, but to add to them.

It should not be necessary to for-

bid an intelligent man to do harmful things. He ought to avoid them because he has no taste for them, because he finds more real satisfaction and more enduring pleasure in the doing of things that are recreational, but harmless in their nature, or by engaging in constructive activities.

One might well ask, why should one choose a life that is small and contracted when there is within his reach the life that is full and complete? How often have we heard missionaries speak of the time spent in the mission field as the happiest one of their lives? It is because they have discovered how completely satisfying their lives could become when they were experiencing the joys of the spirit.

This broader existence is the one that Christ brought to light when he came, that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

Work Meeting—Sewing Children's Clothing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Preview of Lessons for 1949-50

EVERY Latter-day Saint woman should acquire enough sewing skill to do the simple tasks required of a homemaker. There are always hems to adjust, seams to be let out or taken in, collars to be turned, or some household article to be made.

There are still many women who need our help in learning to do these simple things. We feel that Relief Society has a definite responsibility to see that every woman is encouraged to participate actively in the sewing program of the society that her skill may be increased and that she may be of service in helping others.

We suggest that special instruction be given in sewing again this season.

A course in making children's clothing is outlined with the idea of meeting the needs of many of our young mothers. There is great satisfaction in being able to make clothing for our children both from the creative and the financial standpoint. The designing and making of children's apparel has come to be a specialized field. The chubby child and the more slender one wear very different models. What mother does not look with longing eyes at the exclusive models featured in children's shops? The purchase price, however, is more than most family budgets can allow but, with a little instruction in basic sewing, we can make things just as becoming and usually better fitting. What mother's heart does not thrill to hear her youngster boast proudly, "My mother made this."

We hope that the membership of this class will not be limited to younger women. Those who have sewed for families now grown can be of great help to our younger sisters if

they will come and work with them. Then, too, there are many grandmothers who will appreciate learning the little touches which will enable them to make an appreciated gift for a beloved grandchild.

We feel that there are wonderful possibilities for the wards in following this course, and we hope that enthusiastic work meeting leaders will make the most of these lessons.

The titles of the lessons for 1949-50 are as follows:

Lesson 1. *Proper Selection of Style, Choice of Material and Pattern*

Lesson 2. *Layettes and Baby Sewing*

Lesson 3. *Play Clothes*

Lesson 4. *Underwear and Nightwear*

Lesson 5. *Girls' Clothing*

Lesson 6. *Boys' Clothing*

Lesson 7. *Coats and Snowsuits*

Lesson 8. *Display of Children's Clothing.*

Lesson 1—Proper Selection of Style, Choice of Material and Pattern

For Tuesday, October 11, 1949

Jean Ridges Jennings

ONE cannot stress too much the importance of careful consideration of the problem of making clothes for children. It is important in the extreme that women understand and apply the principles involved in the proper selection and construction of apparel for our young people.

Psychologists today believe that clothing definitely affects the behavior of a child. Dull, drab, ugly clothes are likely to reflect their ugliness in a child's disposition. Attractive clothes help to make children happier as well as to help them develop good taste early in life. Clothing is a fundamental factor in character building. A child dressed in simple, serviceable, comfortable, and artistic clothes naturally develops an appreciation of these qualities.

Whenever you anticipate getting wearing apparel for a child, ask yourself these questions about it: Will the garments be harmful in any way? Are they protective? Will they be enjoyed? Are they becoming and attractive? Are they suitable in every respect? No garment is proper if it interferes in any way with the welfare of the child.

The style of dressing a child changes as he grows older, but the underlying principles of selection remain the same. Clothes should be chosen with a view to suiting the child's personality. His physical characteristics of coloring and type must be taken into consideration, as well as his habits of action.

Dressing a sturdy youngster in pale blue or the pale, delicate, timid child in bright red does not bring out the characteristics of either child. The pale child should wear colors, not of the same pale value but of just enough difference to call attention to the child.

The quaint, prim little girl wears soft clinging dresses with ruffles and embroidery. She is always immacu-

late and sits around with not too much activity. Her tomboy sister is sturdy and active and would be out of place in the same soft clothes. She is better suited with sturdier, plainer, more durable dresses.

The pattern or design in the material itself should also be becoming to a girl. Delicately flowered designs become the smaller children, while bolder prints would be appropriate for sturdy types.

It is often difficult to obtain the exact pattern size for children. To avoid losing much time making alterations when sewing, carefully take the child's measurements and compare them with those of the pattern being used. Always take measurements of chest, underarm length, and back length.

Even after buying a pattern that presumably fits your child's measurements, it is wise to compare the actual pattern pieces for size with a garment that is made and fits. Make pattern alterations for size in the pattern itself before cutting material.

Time spent in careful consideration of choice of pattern and material to suit the child and his needs is time well spent.

Literature—The Literature of England

Preview of Lessons for 1949-50

IN considering the course in literature for 1949-50, the general board has deemed it advisable to postpone the study of Latter-day Saint literature of the pioneer and contemporary periods. Instead, it has been decided to undertake a course of study of English literature beginning with the earliest English literature and progressing on to American literature in chronological sequence.

One of the important objectives of the general board, in presenting this year's literature course, is to point out the characteristics of great literature and, from a study of some of the best in literature, to gain a greater appreciation of its value.

Today the market is flooded with quantities of inferior reading material. What to read presents a real problem. A good basis for selection is needed. It is hoped that this course will help to give Latter-day Saint women a sense of discrimination, that they may not only recognize and know the best in literature, but desire to read the best, as well.

Just what is great literature? How can it be recognized? What are its essentials? Literature might be defined as a "mirror that walks along the highway," reflecting our own selves and the story of man's probing of mind, heart, and spirit. One writer says, "There are three essentials to great literature: first, the idea worth expressing; second, the technique to express it beautifully; and third, the sincerity to express it convincingly."

Beginning this year, we will focus our attention on a study of English literature, which will be useful in

the study of any literature. Our procedure will be sufficiently chronological to establish a sense of continuity. This approach will correlate the historical background with the written expression of the people. We shall see expressed the influence of Christianity upon early pagan beliefs, and the merging of the two, (noting some of the signs of the apostasy), and then pass on to great literature of a later date.

In the words of our author, "Our course objective is: to earn and share that high pleasure which only literature and a sense of the past can give."

The recommended textbook (*The Literature of England*, volume 1, Scott, Foresman and Co.) is one which would be a welcome addition to any library. It is a large book and, as stated in the preface of this third edition, "in planning the book it was not to be just another collection of . . . readings but a carefully articulated interpretation and representation of English culture as expressed in English literature." The textbook for this two-year course begins with Beowulf and concludes with James Boswell and Richard B. Sheridan. The cost of the book is $4.50 ($4.75 postpaid) from the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City. The text is rich in maps, each one of which is executed in a style characteristic of the period it represents, and the graphic illustrations, moreover, have been selected from contemporaneous sources, showing the life of each period of English history as it was seen by artists of the time.

There will be many gaps in this study of the history of English literature due to the brevity of time for the Relief Society course; however, the book provides excellent material for anyone desiring to round out her own appreciation through studying the text.

From the first year of this survey of English literature, beginning with Beowulf and ending with 17th century poetry, will come a greater appreciation of what is great in literature and a greater knowledge of the growth of literary forms. Certain authors and works which are considered in this bird's-eye view may be amplified further as the course continues.

Material may also be found in encyclopedias, *The Book of Knowledge*, etc. The April 1949 *National Geographic Magazine* contains many beautiful pictures portraying incidents and characters in English life which will prove valuable for use by the class leader.

Stake and ward class leaders and mission Relief Society branch class leaders are urged to see that their textbooks are ordered soon to ensure satisfactory delivery.

The titles of the eight lessons for the first year follow:

Lesson 1. *Early English Literature*
Lesson 2. *Legends of Chivalry*
Lesson 3. *Shakespeare*
Lesson 4. *Francis Bacon*
Lesson 5. *The English Bible (through the St. James Translation)*
Lesson 6. *John Milton*
Lesson 7. *John Bunyan*
Lesson 8. *17th Century Poetry*

Literature—The Literature of England

Introduction

Briant Jacobs

AS Robert Louis Stevenson reminded us as children:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

One of these happiest "things" of life is to share with others that which we have found to be good. For us the best in life is to share the best; this, in part, we are about to do. And if, in bringing this literature to you sisters, you maintain some fraction of the joy we feel in assisting you in this magnificant task, our desires shall not have been in vain.

Now, a word about method. There are many trails through this rich wood; how you get within doesn't matter so much as that you do. If, in grazing this lush slope, we suggest that you eat only the tangy huckleberry, while in your own meanderings you have found some delicate grasses or aromatic mountain flowers—don't hesitate. On this range, bewilderment comes not from sparsity of feed, but from the very richness and variety of choice.

Because a year's Relief Society course in literature is less than eight hours, sometimes we might appear to be in a hurry. Don't let us hurry you. Should we suggest you read four authors in an hour and, in discussing the first selection, you succeed rather well in making him come alive to your group until their faces glow as does yours—don't stop abruptly and feel you must hurry on to discuss the other three. Literature lives through creating and sharing a few intense experiences. Once you have caught some of the power, the beauty, the individuality of an author because you have been successful in enabling him to speak for himself with a part of his original force and freshness, you have accomplished something singularly worthwhile. But now it is time we begin—together.

Lesson 1—Early English Literature

Briant Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 18, 1949

THE thrill of discovering an arrowhead beneath a sagebrush or a stone includes within itself these questions: Who last held this flint in his palm, as now it rests in mine? Who was he? How did he talk, and laugh? What, for him, was joy, or greatness, or fear? In what did he believe?

Whatever sunken hulls or weapons, whatever cliff dwellings or castles the past has kindly preserved,

these tell us relatively little. Until we can share with a people their words, or thought-symbols, we can know only a fraction of their most intimate and real selves. But once we are enabled to understand the writings of any age, its thoughts are ours and, at once, we possess the key to whatever mysteries, beauties, and beliefs motivated that culture.

Beowulf

It is fitting that the richest of all national literatures (the English) should begin with *Beowulf*, the earliest known sustained piece of writing in any modern language, and one of the important epics of all time. Although written by an unknown Anglo-Saxon poet about 750 A.D., *Beowulf* strictly belongs to no one nation. Its materials and tone brand it as a saga of the ancient Germanic heroic age, a pagan culture which had flourished in northern Europe and the Baltic Sea area since prehistoric times. Comparable to various Norse and Icelandic sagas, *Beowulf* nonetheless differs from them in two important respects: (1) the author grafted onto the original many expressions of Christian virtues; (2) his brilliant and original use of language gives to *Beowulf* a sustained loftiness and dignity of tone which only great literature possesses.

This greatest of all Old English poems is the outstanding example of the blending of the pagan and the Christian traditions. It also mixes history with legend: alongside such real episodes as funerals, fights, and court banquets, appear Grendel, a supernatural mythical monster, and examples of epic exaggeration which to the literal-minded reader, might seem only preposterous. While the poem accepts God as ruler of the world, and mentions heaven and hell, the creation, Cain, and the deluge, it is dominated by Wyrd, pagan Goddess of Fate. Another pagan element is cremation. The payment of blood-money* is recounted and the worship of worldly glory and physical prowess. It reveals the Teutonic mind as moody, somber, and stubborn. Yet, despite a rough, savage existence, life was good, and courage, bravery, generosity, justice, and loyalty to clan and master were virtues most important in their vigorous code of life.

The poem is divided into two parts. The first occurs at Heorot, the great hall built by Hrothgar, King of the Danes. Beowulf, a young Geat (probably from lower Sweden), fights the monster Grendel, who rises at night from the seamy moors to kill Hrothgar's warriors. Beowulf tears off Grendel's arm, then later, when Grendel's fiend-mother returns to the hall, Beowulf pursues her to her den far beneath the sea where he slays her with a charmed sword. The second episode portrays the later years of Beowulf when, as King of the Geats, he attempts single-handed to slay a fierce dragon which threatens the welfare of his subjects. Mortally wounded in the struggle, Beowulf is rescued and defended by Wiglaf, one of his men.

*This shows the early introduction of the false doctrine of doing penance by the payment of money, in place of the true doctrine of repentance taught by Christ. See Clark, J. Reuben, Jr., *On the Way to Immortality and Eternal Life*, page 232.

In deep mourning and devotion, the people bury him and honor his name.

Note to Class Leaders:

For the wealth of additional background material which cannot be included here, consult our text, *The Literature of England*, by Woods, Watts, and Anderson, particularly pp. 3-6, 9-10, 16-18, 19. The strength of language in *Beowulf*, and its exalted tone, can be imparted to your group only by reading aloud excerpts from the poem itself: the first 150 lines contain much that is both valuable and typical, as do lines 2205 to the end. It is obvious that your own exploring of the poem itself will prove a most fruitful investment of your study time. Use your own pronunciation of the proper nouns as they are not found in the dictionary.

Bede (673-735)

We might well be justified in saying that the Middle Ages was the Catholic church. For more than a thousand years during the dark days of the Great Apostasy, when men's minds were bound by ignorance, guidance flowed forth from the monasteries, the fountainheads of intellectual learning. From Jarrow (see map, opposite page 3 of the text) came the Venerable Bede (rhymes with seed), one of the greatest minds of the medieval world, and one of the great scholars of all time.

Entering the monastery as an orphan of nine, Bede spent his entire life there. Largely because of him, Jarrow became the center of learning for all western Europe. The best mind of his age, a master of strong, clear prose as only one can be who devotes his life to reading and writing, Bede did not aspire to create nor to entertain in his writings; like all religious writers of the Middle Ages, he desired only to record events accurately and to teach the beauties of Christianity as understood in medieval times. Yet the beautiful prose style in which we read his *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*, most important of his numerous works, is not entirely Bede's. Had not this work been translated from the Latin by Alfred the Great (849-901), the "presiding genius in Old English prose," it would not belong to this age so completely, nor would it mirror so precisely the literary and religious philosophies of these two genuinely great minds. As it is, these two scholars seem to have blended their personalities and skills most happily.

From that day to the present, Bede's great literary style, characterized by simplicity, directness, human warmth, deep reverence and insight, and beauty of word and phrase, has been a model for historians and for all who would see life truly and who would write well. And the Venerable Bede is at his best in the Parable of the Swallow (page 64, lines 50-72), one of the loveliest parables outside the Bible. Primarily this parable is memorable because the image of the sparrow expresses with aptness and precision the mystery of this life and its relationship to immortality. The harmony between what is said and how Bede says it makes such writing literature.

As we read further in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, more completely do we begin to understand why Bede has served as a model of English prose. "The Story of Caedmon" (pp. 65-67) proves once again Bede's ability to tell a story simply and purely. Immediately, we come to

know Caedmon, not as a tender of horses, but as a modest soul humbly grateful to God for his power to praise him by re-creating the familiar stories of the Bible into poetry so beautiful and appealing as to ensure Caedmon's fame. As we witness Caedmon's receiving his poetic power, and when at death he expresses his feeling of "perfect charity" toward his fellows (page 66), we recognize the serenity of a soul at peace with self and God. The restrained telling of Caedmon's death gives us greater insight into Bede's own mind and beliefs, and hence tells us more about the Christian Anglo-Saxon's attitude toward God and this life than do volumes of facts. And this brief acquaintance with Bede and his depth of soul, as preserved for us in his prose, introduces us to an age which, because of such literature, can never die.

Note to Class Leaders:

If time permits, read "The Conversion of King Edwin" (pp. 63-65) aloud to your group, noting the humility of King Edwin, and the restraint of emotion and statement as we see Edwin, who "used to sit several hours alone, and seriously to ponder with himself what he was to do, and what religion he was to follow." Lines 50-72, page 64, at least, must be read aloud to your group. If for any reason you spoil the first reading, feel free to read it again, until at least part of its power has been communicated. For background study the text, Introductions to Chapters I and II, particularly pp. 12-17, 82-85, 101-103, as time permits.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400)
Study text, pp. 97-100, 209-211)

With Chaucer the literature of the Middle Ages ends, and the literature of modern England begins. For centuries before Chaucer, and during his own lifetime, writing was influenced by the Catholic church, which regarded literature as a tool useful in teaching religion, morality, and the virtues of the other-worldly life. While this tradition gave us a comprehensive and valuable body of religious writing, from Bede through *Piers Plowman*, English literature had never yet focused itself upon the realities of this life, while at the same time being free from the necessity of paying first honors either to religious, romantic, or legendary values. Likewise, the English language had never before been manipulated and shaped by a great literary artist; the language of the theologian and the scholar had been Latin. Not only did Chaucer liberate English literature and language from serving values other than its own, he also knew and loved and portrayed his fellow Englishmen so superbly that in a sympathetic evaluation of human nature only Shakespeare surpasses him. Despite whatever high seriousness his writing might lack, no exclusive list of the greatest English writers could ever exclude him.

The son of an English wine merchant, Chaucer began his life at court as a page. While still a young man, he began making journeys to the Continent as a representative of England. Throughout his life he served the Crown substantially and well. His travels enabled him to know the cultures of France and Italy at firsthand; his lifelong love of French literature and the medieval romance proved to be a rich and deep vein from which he drew a sensitivity, a delicacy, a sparkling eye, and a deep-surging love of life which the English imagination and

tongue so desperately needed. Ovid, Virgil, Petrarch, Dante—the writers of the classic age were known and used by him in his various writings. But he was not merely a bookworm; he also enjoyed being an acute, penetrating observer of the human comedy which has continued throughout all ages, both before Chaucer and after him up to the present.

So far as we can know, Chaucer wrote only because he enjoyed it. Like all writers, he could not help seeing the world, its illogical contrasts, and its rich variety. Seeing thus, and knowing, evidently he could no longer contain himself; his refreshing view of his own age, and of ourselves, if we can but see and be honest, is the result. That he enjoyed his writing seems proved by the obvious enjoyment of portraying human nature which is the warming essence throughout his works. Tolerant, gentle, good humored, and delightfully whimsical, he is capable of satire and irony, but never does he lose his sanity and balance. As he chides and teases his characters for their all-too-human weaknesses, never does he become bitter; instead, his sympathy and understanding make us feel that of all great writers he most nearly becomes one of us, here on our "common-as-dirt" level. Most men he loves; in all events and persons he finds qualities which excite his eternal curiosity; only the hypocrite receives his censure. As summarized by one writer, "No one can read Chaucer and not be glad to be in the world."

Nor does Chaucer know but one segment of life. He is capable of humor always; he also has a genius for wit, drama, and pathos. He includes the same enormous scope in his subject matter. In both prose and poetry he wrote on science, religion, philosophy, ethics, and rhetoric. In various earlier works he celebrates marriages of royalty, talks of the emptiness of fame, chides woman for her gossip and small talk, and reaches exalted grandeur and pathos in the portrayal of a great love. But all ingredients of Chaucer are ideally combined in his comprehensive masterpiece which he left unfinished at his death: *The Canterbury Tales*.

In this collection of stories we have Chaucer at his richest and his best. His plan was to pretend himself a member of a group of thirty pilgrims traveling from London to Canterbury to visit the religious shrine of Thomas a Becket. After Chaucer described each person in the prologue, the host of the Tabard Inn was to act as something of a master of ceremonies, calling on each pilgrim to tell four tales, two on the way to Canterbury, and two during the return journey. Chaucer had written only his magnificent prologue and less than a quarter of the stories when he died.

The prologue itself is a masterpiece of characterization, just as the stories excel in their narrative qualities. As he describes the knight, squire, doctor, lawyer, miller, plowman, and cook, among others, we realize that here is a cross-section of all humanity, intimately known and intensely portrayed until the characters become almost more real to us than they would be in actual life.

Before we catch a brush stroke or two from this mural, a word about

language. Chaucer wrote in Middle English, which is not familiar to our eyes nor ears, although it has many resemblances to modern English, so many, in fact, that with a minimum of effort, Chaucer can be read in the original (see pp. 104-105). As originally written, Chaucer's poetry is filled with a delicate music, and while we can get much of his beauty of content as he describes nature and humanity, the larger beauty of his lines is lost unless it can be heard. Realizing the severity of this loss, it must nevertheless be faced, since it seems better to lose part rather than all. With this in mind, note how much of the "knight" Chaucer gives us in a very few lines, here translated into modern English, but to be compared with the original in the text (lines 68-72):

And even though he was valiant, he was wise,
And in his manner as meek as a maiden.
He had never uttered any vileness
In all his life, to any kind of person.
He was a truly perfect gentle knight.

The Prioress, a nun (lines 127-135):

At meals well taught was she withal;
She let no morsel from her lips fall
Nor wet her fingers deeply in her sauce.
Well could she handle a morsel, and be careful
That no drop ever fell upon her breast.
Courtesy was her particular delight.
Her upper lip wiped she so clean,
That in her cup was no trace seen
Of grease, when she had drunk her draught.

The Merchant (lines 270-277):

A Merchant was there with a forked beard,
In motley array, and high on horse he sat,
Upon his head a Flemish beaver hat
His boots fastened tight and elegantly.
His ideas he delivered most solemnly,
Connected always with the increase of his profits.
He wanted the sea safeguarded at any price
Between Middleburg and Orwell.

So we take but one brief glance; would there were time for more.

Questions for Discussion

1. *Beowulf* contains both Christian and pagan elements. Isolate and identify examples of each.
2. Assign a sister to give additional material on the life and character of Bede.
3. Have the Parable of the Swallow read slowly and effectively and make comments on its literary value and modern application.
4. Give instances which illustrate the universality of Chaucer's characters in *The Canterbury Tales*.

Field Artillery

Ora Pate Stewart

Green swords
Marching in rows,
Clank in the wind,
Glint in the sun.

They guard my gold,
Ripening corn.

A Memory

Shirley Redd

I saw a painted sky
And you were near;
I heard a song, a sigh,
And felt a nameless fear.

I see a star-fringed moon
And can't forget;
I hear a gay tune,
And find my lashes wet.

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

Preview of Lessons for 1949-50

G. Homer Durham

THE social science lessons for 1949-50 are based on "The Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws in General," section 134 of the Doctrine and Covenants. The lessons follow, naturally, the previous year's study of "Latter-day Saint Political Thought." Whereas the lessons of last year were, of necessity, somewhat abstract, the new series has the advantage of relating to concrete scriptural verses in the Declaration of Belief. Each is explained, together with its significance for the problems of current political life. The seven preceding lessons attempted to portray some aspects of Latter-day Saint thinking with respect to the nature of government, constitutionalism, and public affairs, including international relations. The Declaration of Belief is a specific statement of an official position taken by the Church, in August 1835, with regard to law and government. It is one of the most unusual sections of the Doctrine and Covenants. The first lesson attempts to tell how and why.

Each lesson will be accompanied by suggestions for class projects to the end that every member and class may arrive at a more complete understanding of what the various provisions of the Declaration signify. As the gospel is a way of life, and as modern life involves political processes at nearly every point, it is most important that all of us enlarge our understanding of the position of the Church in such matters. Students of the subject will be delighted to know, in advance, that the Declaration is a most liberal yet practical, simple but far-reaching, platform. The same general references and helps listed for last year's study will again prove to be very beneficial and helpful. To come to a knowledge and appreciation of the position of the Church with regard to governments and laws is no mean nor simple task.

The various statements issued by the leaders of the Church from Joseph Smith to the present day are most helpful in gaining this knowledge. Of course, the Doctrine and Covenants itself, with its useful cross-references and index, will be of constant assistance. Alert class leaders will also watch for illustrations and examples to be found in current Church and other literature. Society is most complex. Social science lessons dealing with important relationships of the Church in society require, and are worthy of sincere study and effort.

The titles of the seven lessons for 1949-50 and their accompanying objectives follow:

Lesson 1. "The Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws in General"

Objective: To study and appreciate the preamble of The Declaration of Belief.

Lesson 2. *The Significance of "The Declaration of Belief" for Modern Government*

Objective: To consider different types of government in the world today, and to appreciate the basic principles contained in the "Declaration of Belief" as the culmination of the experience of the race.

Lesson 3. *Government Instituted for the Benefit of Man*

Objective: To show that governments exist for the benefit of man when founded on the free exercise of conscience, right and control of property, and protection of life.

Lesson 4. *Public Administration and Good Government*

Objective: To point out the need for electing government officials who will uphold freedom.

Lesson 5. *The Obligations of Citizenship and the Responsibility of the State*

Objective: To show the responsibility of the State to enact proper laws and of the people to uphold them.

Lesson 6. *The Conditions for Achieving the Kingdom of God*

Objective: To show that civil and religious liberty must be maintained for the establishment of the Kingdom of God.

Lesson 7. *Achieving the Kingdom of God*

Objective: To demonstrate that the Kingdom of God will be achieved by preaching the gospel throughout the world.

Lesson 1—"The Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws in General" (D. & C. Section 134)

G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, October 25, 1949

Objective: To study and appreciate the preamble of the Declaration of Belief.

Political Attitude of Church Toward Society

SECTION 134 of the Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is well known as "A Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws in General." The section carries the date, August 17, 1835, and was "adopted by unanimous vote at a general assembly . . . . held at Kirtland, Ohio." It may be said to have three great purposes:

1. It declares the attitude of the Church towards the rest of society, in so far as society functions as a politically organized community. In other words, the Declaration provides the basis for what might be called "the foreign policy" of the Church, that is, the relation of the Church to the various governmental systems of the world.

2. It provides the basis upon which individual members of the Church may adjust their lives to the demands of citizenship, satisfy the requirements of effective citizenship, and at the same time maintain religious freedom.

3. It sets forth certain great political principles as the standard of conduct for the members of the Church, for the Church as an organization, and as the

basis for understanding and evaluating the conduct of the governments of the world.

As a result, the Declaration may be said to contain the principles which Latter-day Saints should strive to uphold and maintain so far as governments and laws "in general" are concerned.

Practical Values of the Declaration

The Declaration has great practical value to the Church, to the State, and to the individual. When is a government a good government? When is a governmental policy worthy of criticism? Which candidates for office should be supported? What should our attitude be towards the public officials, local, regional, national, and international, who serve us? When should they receive support? When, if ever, should we deny them support? Is disobedience to law or a public official ever justified?

The Declaration affords a practical basis for determining the answers to these questions which arise daily in our lives. Shall we support the United Nations and its officers? Shall we support our local officials in a policy to provide a new sewer, bridge, highway, or dam? Shall we choose this man or that one to represent us in our national assemblies? Mankind stands in need of criteria, guiding principles, standards of judgment.

Section 134 contains standards of judgment which are time-tested and which have received the support of the most enlightened men, women, and societies known to civilization. How little most of us appreciate this section! How grateful we should be that our people and our Church have adopted such principles. If we needed to dig a garden, and we were provided with shovel, plow, and tractor, most of us would know how to do it with the tools provided. The modern world needs to "dig a garden," a garden of good politics and good government, to replace the wasted lands of war and corruption. The Declaration of Belief provides the tools for this task. The principles available are basic and fundamental to world peace and prosperity at home. Let us see, briefly, what they are.

Some Principles of Successful Political Life

Here are some of the great principles of successful political life asserted in the document of August 17, 1835:

1. Governments exist for the *benefit* of man.
2. As well as being responsible to the people, governments, through their officials, are responsible to God for their actions, and God holds men responsible whether or not they, in turn, are willing to accept their share of the contract.
3. The "*good* and *safety*" of society are the principles which should guide, alike, lawmakers and the administrators of the law.
4. Freedom of conscience for all men.
5. The right and control of individual property.
6. The protection of human life and its preservation.
7. Freedom of organization, including religious organizations.
8. Separation of Church and State as a principle essential to religious liberty, freedom of organization, and good society.
9. Active citizenship to sustain and uphold all governments that protect "inherent and inalienable rights."

10. Honor, respect, even deference, for public officials.

11. Sedition, rebellion, and ordinary crime should be properly punishable according to law, said law recognizing basic private rights.

12. The right of self-defense is justifiably used when civil government breaks down; but it is the task of all citizens to maintain sound civil government and to prevent the breakdown of orderly processes.

13. The right to proselyte and advance one's opinions or those of his group is essential and must be maintained. However, the right should not be insisted upon to the point that its use becomes obnoxious to others, or to the extent that human life and liberty are jeopardized.

These are among the great principles to be studied in the social science lessons this year. The discovery and use by man of these principles have marked the progress of civilization. For example, when Solon, the great Athenian reformer, about 594 B. C., expanded the rights of private property in Athens, freedom of conscience, "the good and safety of society," the development of democratic government became possible.

History of the Declaration

What is the history of this remarkable document? How does a declaration regarding politics and government find its way into the official doctrines and covenants of the Latter-day Saints? Elder Joseph Fielding Smith has written on the subject as follows:

At a conference of the Church held in Kirtland, Ohio, August 17, 1835, the Doctrine and Covenants was presented to the assembled conference for their acceptance or rejection. After the brethren there assembled had carefully and studiously considered the matter, the revelations which had been previously selected by the Prophet Joseph Smith were accepted as the word of the Lord by the unanimous vote of the conference, and were ordered printed. On the occasion of this conference, Joseph Smith the Prophet and his second counselor, Frederick G. Williams, were not present. They were on a brief mission to the saints in Michigan, and because of this were not familiar with all the proceedings of this conference. After the conference had accepted the revelations, an article on marriage, which had been written by Oliver Cowdery, was read by Elder William W. Phelps, and was ordered printed in the book with the revelations.

When this action had been taken, Oliver Cowdery arose and read another article, also written by himself, on "Governments and Laws in General." This article the conference also ordered printed in the book of Doctrine and Covenants. Unfortunately, a great many people because these articles appeared in the Doctrine and Covenants, readily concluded that they had come through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and hence were to be received on a par with the other parts of the book of revelations. Because of this misinformation articles have been published from time to time declaring that these words on Government and Laws have come to us with the force of revelation having been from the mouth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. This article and the one on "Marriage" [no longer printed, being supplanted by a revelation on the subject of eternal marriage] were not considered as revelations by the conference, but were published as an expression of belief of the members of the Church at that time (*Progress of Man*, pp. 367-368). See also *Documentary History of the Church*, II, pp. 243-251.

The preamble to the Declaration, also adopted by the general assembly of August 17, 1835, makes this important statement:

That our belief with regard to earthly governments and laws in general may not

be misinterpreted nor misunderstood, we have thought proper to present at the close of this volume our opinion concerning the same.

The phrase, "this volume," refers of course to the Doctrine and Covenants. The words, "our opinion," should also be carefully observed in the light of the statement quoted from Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. In many respects, the Declaration has a unique value in that it is the "opinion" of the Latter-day Saints, accepted from the pen of Oliver Cowdery. Although Oliver Cowdery was the Second Elder of the Church and stood next to Joseph Smith, yet the Declaration is given for what it really is, a declaration of belief. It does not purport to be a revelation from God. As such it had unique value to the infant Church of 1835, whose enemies would be inclined to scoff at a "revelation," but might take seriously the declarations and resolutions taken in a conference of record. Moreover, it is of great interest to find, in a Church designed to offer the restored gospel to all peoples, popular expression side by side with revealed word. The 134th section demonstrates the reality of the law of common consent in the Church. We should never forget that the law of common consent has been *revealed* as a principle of Church government with the principle of divine authority.[1]

In many respects, the book of Doctrine and Covenants would be incomplete without such a "covenant" and expression as section 134. But lest there be any doubt as to its importance, President Heber J. Grant said in 1938, commenting on the principles outlined in section 134:

> These principles are fundamental to our belief, fundamental to our protection. And in the providences of the Lord, the safeguards which have been incorporated into the basic structure of this nation are the guarantee of all men who dwell here against the abuses and tyrannies and usurpations of times past (*Gospel Standards*, page 134).

The principles embodied in the Declaration are based on abiding religious realities. They are expressive of an absolute standard of truth, without which, men resort to force. The study and application of these principles today will further prepare the way for the fulfillment of mankind's aspiration for peace on earth.

Questions for Discussion and Lesson Helps

Special Project: Assign a member of the class to prepare a ten-minute report on the material found in volume II, chapter XVIII (pp. 243-251) of the *Documentary History of the Church*. The *Documentary History of the Church*, published in seven volumes, is available in many homes, especially volumes I and II which have been used as Melchizedek Priesthood manuals (1947-49). This material (pp. 243-251 of volume II) contains the historical background, with minutes and documents, of the general assembly of the Church, August 17, 1835, which adopted the "Declaration of Belief."

1. If a new, rapidly-growing church moved into your community, its members purchasing lands, buying businesses, nominating and electing members of your school board, city council, and so forth, would

[1]See Doctrine and Covenants, sections 20:65; 26:2; 28:13 for typical statements revealing the law of common consent as a binding procedure in Church government.

you, as their neighbor, appreciate a declaration of their belief regarding "governments and laws in general?"

2. What would be the practical value, to this new church, of issuing such a statement?

3. What would be the practical value to you as an old, established inhabitant of the community, of such a statement?

4. Having answered questions 1-2-3, what are some of the practical values to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of the "Declaration of Belief?" To the people of Utah? California? To the people of Ohio in 1835? To the governments of France, Switzerland, or Canada today?

5. What are some of the practical values the Declaration has for you as an individual today?

6. What are some of the principles of successful political, i. e. community, life set forth in the Declaration? Do you agree that they are principles upon which a sound community life can be based? Obviously, the list embodied in the Declaration was not intended to be all-inclusive, even in 1835. Can the class think of any additional principles that could be added to the list? Could any items on the list printed in the lesson be omitted?

Additional Projects: Assign individual members of the class to look up and report the content and meaning of the following terms: citizenship; inherent rights; sedition; rebellion; proselyte; Church and State. Have another member report on Doctrine and Covenants 20:65; 26:2; 18:13.

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies

(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

THE PRESIDENCY A UNIT—THE THREE ARE ONE

Preview of Lessons for 1949-50

T. Edgar Lyon

DURING our studies last year we learned of the activities of the five First Presidencies of the Church that served from 1833 to 1901. These studies should have taught us two fundamental concepts. The first is that in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with no professionally trained Priesthood, there is need for presiding quorums. In our studies we learned that the Lord had established the First Presidency of the Church as the Presidency of all of the Priesthood and Church members throughout the world. Functioning as a unit, the members of this Presidency have directed all the many different types of Church activities, both in times of stress and in times of peace. The second idea presented to us was that the Lord raised up men at the various stages of development and growth of the Church who were able to give the Church the leadership it needed at that particular time. We sing, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to per-

form," and we see this made a reality in the study of the accomplishments of the various First Presidencies of the Church.

So unified in purpose and devotion have the members of these Presidencies been, that it is almost impossible to designate or classify the accomplishments of an individual member of a Presidency. Through counsel and co-operation, they have worked to accomplish those things that were needful for the welfare of the kingdom of God on earth. Unselfishly, each member of a Presidency has worked for the good of the whole Church, not for position, honor, or power for himself. No great man has ever achieved success entirely alone. He may be singled out for his accomplishments and his aides remain unnamed, but they were nevertheless important contributors to his success. So it is in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The President is recognized as the leader, but he leans heavily upon his counselors. It should, therefore, be remembered that although we speak of the administration of a President of the Church, we are aware of the great assistance rendered by the unnamed counselors in the First Presidency, without whose aid the President might have been seriously handicapped.

The Lord has stood by and blessed those who have served in the First Presidencies of the Church. They have accomplished great things in the earth. Just as the early leaders were blessed, so have been those who followed them. Individuals selected to this presiding quorum since the beginning of this century have been equally blessed with those who preceded them. Each has filled his position with honor and efficiency. This year we shall study the administrations of Presidents Joseph F. Smith, Heber J. Grant, and George Albert Smith, and see how God utilizes mortals to accomplish his purposes.

The following are the titles of the lessons for the coming year:

Lesson 8. *President Joseph F. Smith*

Lesson 9. *The Counselors to President Joseph F. Smith*

Lesson 10. *President Heber J. Grant*

Lesson 11. *The Counselors to President Heber J. Grant*

Lesson 12. *The Counselors to President Heber J. Grant* (continued)

Lesson 13. *President George Albert Smith*

Lesson 14. *Review of Two-Year Course*

What grandeur of thought is suggested by the association of strong, majestic trees, by stupendous and lofty mountains . . . what exquisite tenderness and gentleness by the clinging tendrils of some luxuriant vine . . . . These lessons which nature teaches alike to all, open up avenues of thought that carry us backward to past ages and forward as far as the vision of the mind can extend.

—*Woman's Exponent*, July 1857, page 31.

Lesson 8—President Joseph F. Smith (1901-1918)

(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, October 25, 1949

The Presidency a Unit—The Three Are One

WHEN the passing of President Lorenzo Snow disorganized the First Presidency in 1901, the man chosen to succeed him as President was well qualified for this highest calling. He was Joseph F. Smith, a son of Hyrum Smith, the martyred patriarch of the Church. He was born at Far West, Missouri, on November 13, 1838. He passed his early years in Nauvoo, Illinois, and remembered well the departure of his father and his uncle, the Prophet Joseph Smith, for Carthage, that fateful June day in 1844. After the exodus from Nauvoo in 1846, he remained at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, with his widowed mother until the spring of 1848. Then, being still in his ninth year, he drove an ox team across the prairies and mountains to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, arriving there in September. He participated in the usual hard work of pioneering in a new land, and had the tragic experience of losing his mother when only fourteen years of age. At the age of fifteen he was sent on a mission to the Hawaiian Islands (Sandwich Islands) which was the beginning of his active service in Church leadership. From that day until his death, sixty-five years later, he was almost constantly engaged in full-time service to the Church.

He was ordained an apostle in 1866 by Brigham Young and also as counselor to the First Presidency. In 1869, at a conference in Juab, Utah, Wilford Woodruff introduced Joseph F. Smith, and then said to the young people present:

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

> Look at him, children, for he resembles the Prophet Joseph more than any man living. He will become the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (*Wilford Woodruff*, page 536).

This prediction was ultimately realized, but not until many years later. During those years, however, he was an earnest worker in the Church. In the former lessons we learned that this man of unusual ability served as a counselor in the First Presidency to Presidents John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and Lorenzo Snow. In this capacity he

traveled extensively throughout the wards and stakes of the Church and in the mission fields, giving counsel concerning temporal and spiritual matters, and exercising supervisory control over many phases of Church activity. When the First Presidency was reorganized in 1901, there thus came to its Presidency the first President born within the Church.

We learned in the lessons last year of the serious financial condition which faced the Church in its pioneer period and later in the days of its long and intense struggle with the Federal Government concerning its political, civil, and religious rights. President Snow had already called upon the people to rededicate themselves to the temporal salvation of the Church, and had them pledge themselves to observe the law of tithing. President Joseph F. Smith had been closely associated with President Snow in this work, and continued to emphasize this teaching. It appeared to him that setting in order the temporal affairs of the Church was a most pressing need, and he gave of his strength and vigor to place it on a secure footing. So well did he succeed in this that, by 1907, he was able to announce that the bonded indebtedness of the Church had been paid off and the Church could meet its current obligations. Under his able leadership, the Church then commenced an extensive building program. Many ward chapels and stake tabernacles were built and mission homes and chapels in the mission fields were purchased or erected.

President Smith was a man of great feeling and sentiment, and he turned his attention to the task of securing some of the locations that were closely connected with the early history of the Church. The old Smith homestead in Vermont—the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith—was acquired, and a great symbolic monument was erected there. Other sacred or historical shrines were acquired in New York, Missouri, and Illinois. The first hospital was erected by the Church in Salt Lake City—the forerunner of the large number that now dot Latter-day Saint communities. The beautiful Church Office Building was commenced in Salt Lake City and the Presiding Bishop's Building was completed to house the temporal offices of the Church and the rapidly expanding auxiliary organizations. Land was also acquired and dedicated for the temples in Hawaii and Canada. The Church school system was also expanded. President Smith had a broad vision of the destiny of the Church. He was aware that if the Church was to grow and increase in the earth so that it could fulfill its destiny, it must be firmly established not only in the hearts of its converts and members, but also in the eyes of non-members. His inspirational insight led him to see that the Church must acquire the respect of the world and become a dynamic force for righteous leadership and thereby "come forth out of obscurity and out of darkness," as the Lord had commanded that it should (D. & C. 1:30).

President Smith declared:

> It has always been a cardinal teaching with the Latter-day Saints, that a religion that has not the power to save people temporally and make them prosperous and happy here, cannot be depended upon to save them spiritually and to exalt

them in the life to come (*Heart of Mormonism*, page 158).

In this statement he was reiterating the teachings that the Prophet Joseph Smith had given to his people in Missouri and later in Illinois. The Latter-day Saint, according to the first Prophet of this dispensation, is living in eternity each day of his life, just as much as any day that is to follow either after death or following the resurrection. Therefore, the temporal and the spiritual phases of life cannot be separated, nor should an attempt be made to view them as distinct entities.

The tremendous energy that President Smith exerted to accomplish these many achievements was strongly supported by those able men who stood by him as his counselors in the First Presidency. We shall learn of them in our lesson next month. President Smith's time was not all consumed with attention to the temporal well-being of the rapidly expanding Church. He gave to the Church an era of powerful spiritual leadership.

In 1906, the saints of Europe rejoiced in the presence of President Smith. This was the first time the European Mission had been visited by a President of the Church while holding that office.

As he traveled up and down the Church, visiting at conferences, preaching in the annual and semiannual conferences, talking at funerals and public gatherings and writing short articles for the various Church publications, he set a pattern of great spirituality. Everywhere he went he bore testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ and the validity of his atoning sacrifice. Many people had become so busily engaged in everyday activities that they and their children had commenced to lose sight of the fact that one cannot work out his salvation alone for, without the atonement, one's efforts would be futile. President Smith devoted much of his spiritual teachings to calling this essential doctrine to Church members' attention.

Another item of great importance for which the Church is indebted to him relates to his knowledge and statements concerning the work and character of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, who was President Smith's father. He never tired of bearing testimony of the divinity of Joseph Smith's work. His personal reminiscences of his father and martyred uncle also held his audiences in rapt attention. The accounts he related of the Prophet's humanity, his forgiving spirit, his sense of humor, his utter devotion to the cause of the Lord and his unselfishness, are among the literary treasures of the Church.

It is related that sometime before his death he made the observation that, unlike some of his predecessors in the First Presidency, when he passed into the hereafter he would leave behind no written volume of theological expositions, no scriptural contributions or no poetic literature or hymnology. Some of those who heard this questioned that his life had been so devoid of literary productiveness, and they set themselves to the task of gathering his spoken and printed works. To their astonishment they found a vast amount of material and from this selected and arranged the volume

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John Taylor

Presidents of the Church **$3.25**
Compiled by Preston Nibley

Essentials in Church History .. **$2.75**
Joseph Fielding Smith

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known as *Gospel Doctrine*. This book is highly prized by Church members and is a printed testimony of the spiritual strength and leadership of President Smith.

A study of the topical arrangement of this book indicates that he not only preached doctrines that dealt with the more formal phases of religion, but that he had a deep understanding of the intimate needs of people. He spoke of love, courtship, marriage, family life, rearing of children, training in habits of good living, character development, the evils of divorce and unchastity, the need to preach the gospel by example as well as by precept, generosity, forgiveness, and many other subjects. These he related to daily gospel living.

Not only did he preach on these subjects, but he manifested the realization of them in his own daily living and in the lives of his family. There are many people alive today who can still bear testimony of acts he performed which exemplified these qualities. He loved his family and stressed the responsibility of parents to win the love, confidence, and admiration of their children. When he met members of his family on the street, in a public gathering or in any other place he embraced and kissed them. Children were to him, as Jesus said, akin to the kingdom of heaven and he loved them all, his own and others too.

It is related that at one time during an important meeting with business men from the eastern part of the United States, the door opened and a little child walked into the office. President Smith took the child on his lap and talked to it in sub-

dued tones, kissed and held it until it desired to slip to the floor and leave the room. The eastern visitors were astonished. They asked if it were his youngest child. He replied that it wasn't his. He did not know whose child it was. It had apparently come with its mother to the Church office, and wandered away from her while she was busy. A man of his greatness was not above the humility to manifest love and kindness toward one of God's little ones, even though a stranger to him.

During a portion of President Smith's life he was the subject of vicious opposition by anti-Mormon papers. He was lied about, maliciously cartooned and slandered, and his family ridiculed. Through this era he manifested a Christ-like attitude of self-control and forgiveness. Before he died most of his former opponents who had once bitterly maligned him had come to know his great integrity and value to the community and the Church. At his death many of those who once abused him paid him eulogistic tributes.

President Joseph F. Smith's administration came to an end with his death on November 19, 1918. His life span had seen the Church grow from the days of a comparatively small membership in Missouri and a few scattered saints in other parts of the world, to great numbers. The Church had come forth out of obscurity into a great organization, dedicated to the eternal salvation of man. President Smith, through his long years of service in the First Presidency, contributed greatly to the advancement of the Church.

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Topics for Discussion and Study

1. How do you account for the stress President Smith placed on the eternity of the family relationship?
2. Name some dominant ideas which characterized the teachings of Joseph F. Smith?
3. If the *Life of Joseph F. Smith* (pp. 441, 442) is available, relate some of the incidents that show his kindness toward children.
4. What constitutes an ideal Latter-day Saint home, according to President Smith? (Read *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 378-380).
5. Make a list of some of the outstanding achievements during the administration of President Smith.

References

Roberts, B. H., *Comprehensive History of the Church*, VI:368-388; 418-421; 433, 434, and 476-478.

Smith, Joseph F., *Gospel Doctrine*, especially pp. 341-399 and 538-603.

Smith, Joseph Fielding, *Life of Joseph F. Smith.*

Smith, Joseph Fielding, *Essentials in Church History*, pp. 623-625 and 631-637.

Upon the Bluebird's Wing

Margaret B. Shomaker

When I see beauty all around
I feel it with an inner sound.

It lies upon the bluebird's wing
Or on the lowly crawling thing;

It hides in brown seeds that we sow,
Life's secret deep in embryo;

And in the tiny buds I see
New beauty on the barest tree;

And when the clouds are all compact
I see new loveliness intact.

When I see beauty all around
I feel it with an inner sound.

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From Near and Far

Anna Prince Redd, who wrote our feature article, "For Those Who Come After," is the author of two *Relief Society Magazine* serials ("Tomorrow's Cup" and "Where Trails Run Out"), many stories and articles, and a wide variety of poems. Her poem "No Beauty Is" was awarded first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1938. Others of her poems have been featured in the *Magazine* as frontispieces. Some of her best work appears in the poetry anthology *Of Stone and Star*, published by the Utah Sonneteers. For other details regarding Mrs. Redd's activities, refer to page 94 of the *Magazine* for February 1947.

Deone R. Sutherland, author of "The Jumpher Family," now lives in Salt Lake City. A busy young wife and mother, she has many other interests, including dramatics and writing. A note giving further information about Deone and her work appears on page 576 of the *Magazine* for August 1948.

Olive W. Burt, author of "The Land of the High Uintahs," is a frequent contributor to the *Magazine*. For news of some of her recent activities, turn to Woman's Sphere, page 453.

The Relief Society Magazine is my favorite magazine. During the past winter I was laid up with a broken ankle. This gave me time to read the *Magazine* from cover to cover. It was a great comfort to me at this time. I wish you a lot of success in the years to come.

—Sarah Marble, Brigham City, Utah

I moved to my own home here about four years ago, and have had the *Magazine* with me as I hope to continue. It is an inspiration always.

—Zara Sabin, Bountiful, Utah

Now that we are here there isn't a great deal to go to and the *Magazine* is treasured very much.

—Mrs. E. V. Haines, Redmond, Oregon

I have received *The Relief Society Magazine* and enjoy it a great deal. I do not want to miss the opportunity to thank you very much for the same. We feel great joy over the spiritual food and the wonderful contents to uplift our lives. We ask the Lord daily to stop the destruction, so that the gospel may be preached without hindrance and that many people may receive the same, with its happiness and blessings. The Lord has blessed us abundantly and though at times we are short of everything, yet we have not suffered starvation, and we are grateful for it.

—Anna Mordas, Poland

In the March number of *The Relief Society Magazine*, page 168, I find a picture of the monument erected to the honor of George Q. Cannon and James Keeler, the ones who performed the first baptisms and organized a branch of the Church in the Hawaiian Islands. I am thankful indeed that James Keeler is my father and that his labors in life were so well done that his name has come down to us as one of God's faithful servants. He had a family of twenty-three members, and I am the last one of that family still living. I will soon be eighty-four years old. There is no magazine that I prize any more than the beautiful *Relief Society Magazine*.

—Alice Keeler Hatch, Manti, Utah

I have moved from San Bruno and live away in the mountains. I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*, and out here, away from everywhere, I can follow the lessons, and I seem to be with all my friends at the meetings.

—Annie S. W. Gould, Hayfork, California

Thank you for the lovely *Magazine*. It is a great joy to us here. Housework is forgotten when I see it lying on the front doormat. I simply have to open it straightaway. The lessons are a great inspiration to us.

—Adelaide Palmer, Gravesend, Kent, England

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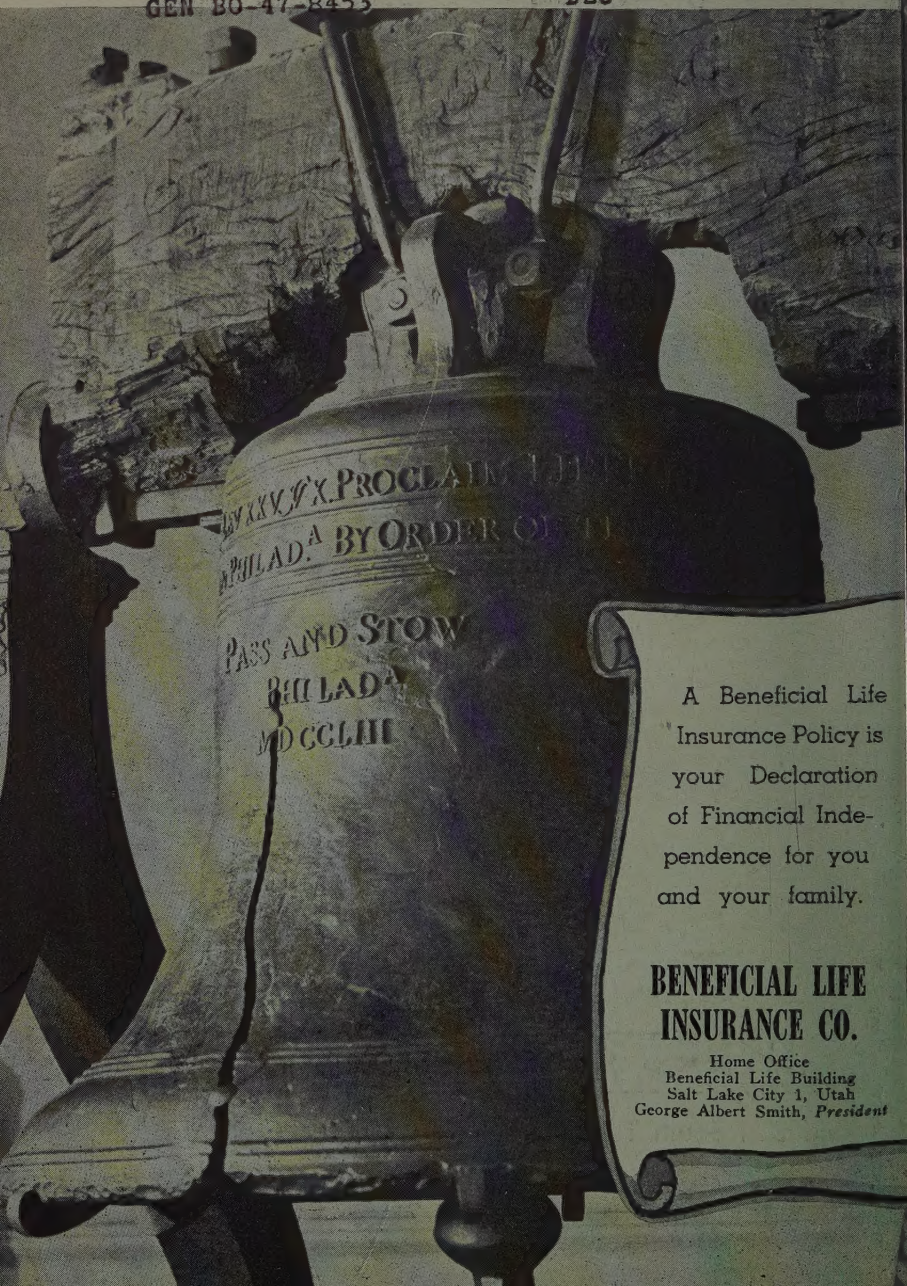

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